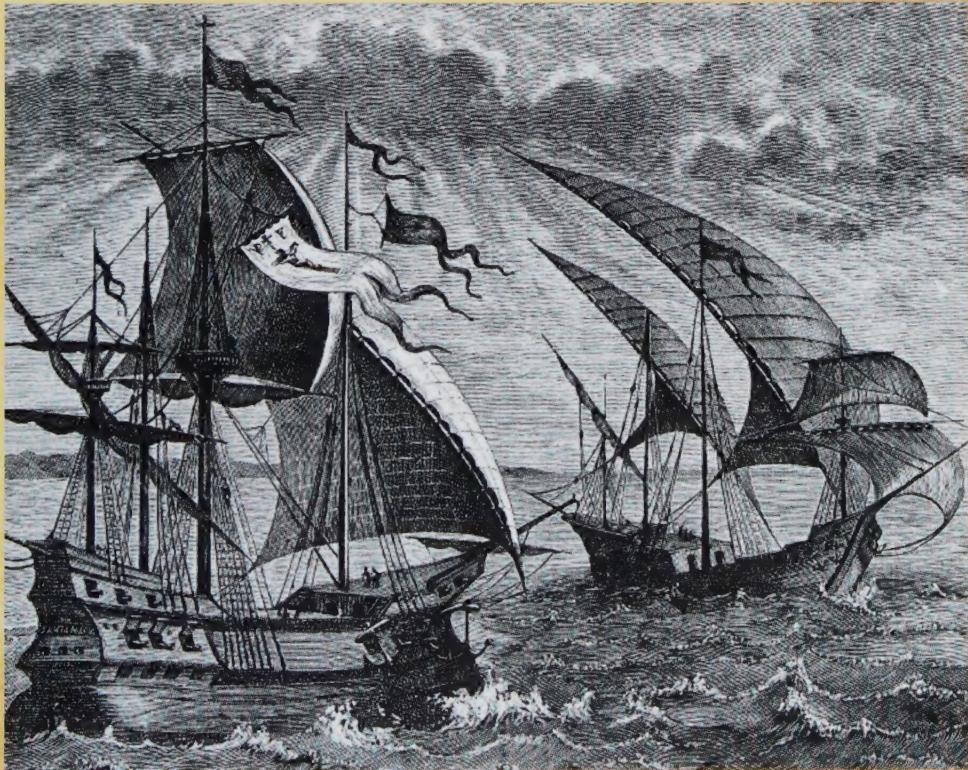


The fair captive: a tragedy. As it is acted by His Majesty's servants.

Eliza Fowler Haywood





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Brig. 2

The fair captive: a tragedy. As it is acted by His Majesty's servants.

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ECCO
PRINT EDITIONS

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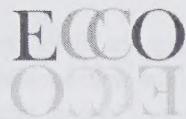
Haywood, Eliza Fowler

ESTCID: T075904

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London : printed [by Henry Woodfall] for T. Jauncy; and H. Cole, 1721.
xv,[1],56,67-74p. ; 8°



Eighteenth Century
Collections Online
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Gale ECCO Print Editions

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Law and Reference

This collection reveals the history of English common law and Empire law in a vastly changing world of British expansion. Dominating the legal field is the *Commentaries of the Law of England* by Sir William Blackstone, which first appeared in 1765. Reference works such as almanacs and catalogues continue to educate us by revealing the day-to-day workings of society.

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The eighteenth-century fascination with Greek and Roman antiquity followed the systematic excavation of the ruins at Pompeii and Herculaneum in southern Italy; and after 1750 a neoclassical style dominated all artistic fields. The titles here trace developments in mostly English-language works on painting, sculpture, architecture, music, theater, and other disciplines. Instructional works on musical instruments, catalogs of art objects, comic operas, and more are also included.



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W^s Eloja Heywood



THE
FAIR CAPTIVE:
A
TRAGEDY.



(Price 1s. 6d.)

THE
FAIR CAPTIVE;
A
TRAGEDY.
As it is Acted
By His Majesty's Servants.

*All our Affections wait on prosperous Fame ;
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.*

HOWARD.



LO N D O N.

Printed for T. JAUNCY, at the *Angel*
without *Temple-Bar*, and H. COLE,
at *Rowe's Head*, next the *Fountain-Ta-*
vern in the *Strand*. M. pcc. xxi.



T O T H E
 Right Honourable the
 Lord Viscount *GAGE*.

My L O R D,



N this Age, where, how few soever there are who have any *real* Claim, *Pretenders* to WIT are so numerous, Good-Nature is not likely to abound: Those Virtues which glitter with

vi *The DEDICATION.*

with so sweet a Lustie in the Poet's *Pen*, amongst which there are none of more general Service to Mankind, than Tenderness and Compassion for the Failings of each other, are too often left behind 'em in the *Press*: and when the *Writers* on these Glorious Themes seem to be so little affected with 'em themselves, it is not to be wonder'd at that the *Readers* are so too.

BUT if the POETS, at least the *Wou'd-be* ones, debase, by a thousand servile Practices, the Noblest *Art* into a *Trade*; the CRITICKS also, of the same Degree of Meit, forget that, not to *ridicule*, but to *improve* the Judgment, and *correct* the Errors they discover, is the Business of their Profession. And the Venom of Malice, thus directed, is of so spreading a Nature, that while the infectious Cloud rises to
lessen,

lessen, if not totally obscure the Brightness of the most exalted Undertaking, it sheds a baleful Influence also on the *meanest*. Instead of that generous *Emulation*, which the Example of any Excellence should inspire, *Envy* and *Hate* pursue the Genius *skill'd* to soar; and cold *Contempt*, and blasting *Scorn*, check the *weak* Aspirer's Flight; which, if indulg'd by the warm Sun-shine of *Encouragement*, might tower to Heights deserving Admiration.

'Tis for this Reason that the Noblest Performances stand in need of more than their own Merit to support 'em; and the most celebrated Authors, I mean of those whose *Muse* is their *Dependance*, are oblig'd to seek the Protection of some powerful Name.

BUT

BUT how melancholy a Reflection must this be, to a Person who has neither *Merit* to *deserve*, nor *Good-Fortune* to *obtain* the Favour of a Patron Illustrious enough to disappoint the Efforts of Ill-Nature? For my *own* part, who, I confess, have little Pretences to the *one*, and never had much Reason to rely on the *latter*; I suffer'd all that Apprehension could inflict, and found I wanted many more Arguments than the little Philosophy I am Mistress of could furnish me with, to enable me to stem that Tide of *Raillery*, which all of my Sex, unless they aie very excellent *indeed*, must expect, when once they exchange the *Needle* for the *Quill*.

IT was in this Condition your Lordship's Pity found me; and by an

an Excess of Goodness, taught me that those very Misfortunes which wou'd *bar* the Gates of Favour against my Hopes, addres'd to those of a less elevated Mind, were Pleas sufficient to *introduce* me here.

THAT exalted Sweetness of Disposition, which is so eminent-
ly conspicuous in your Lordship's Character, renders you as justly
worthy the *Love* of Mankind, as your other Virtues aie of their
Admiration; and that graceful
and obliging manner in which you confer Favours, aie no less pleasing
to the Receiver than the Favours
themselves.

I AM as entirely unable to offer any thing in Defence of the following Scenes, as I am to express, as I ought, my grateful Acknowledgments

x *The DEDICATION.*

ledgments for your Permission to throw 'em at your Feet, and allowing me the Opportunity of telling you, that I am, with all imaginable Respect,

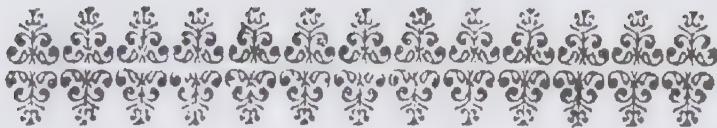
MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S *most Devoted,*

Most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

Eliza Haywood.



Advertisement to the READER.


 O attempt any thing in Vindication of the following Scenes, wou'd cost me more Time than the Composing 'em took me up therefore I shall only say in my *own* Excuse, that if the Play had been what I cou'd have call'd myself the *sole* Author of, or foretold the kind Reception it has met, I should certainly have taken more pains And though it may appear like Vanity, I take the liberty to add, it was in my power to have made it much better than it is, both in the Sentiment and Expression: But without a Prospect of some Applause, I shou'd never imagine, if the Example of many Authors did not convince me, that any meaner Views cou'd wing the Poet's Flight

This Tragedy was originally writ by Capt *Hurst*, and by him deliver'd to Mr *Rich*, to be acted soon after the Opening of the New House, but the Season being a little too far elaps'd for the bringing it on then, and the Author oblig'd to leave the Kingdom, Mr *Rich* became the Purchaser of it, and the Winter following order'd it into Rehearsal but found it so unfit for Representation, that for a long time he laid aside

all thoughts of making any thing of it, till last
January he gave me the History of his Bargain,
and made me some Proposals concerning the new
modelling it. but however I was prevail'd upon,
I cannot say my *Inclination* had much share in my
Consent, knowing well, that the Consequence of
altering a *Manuscript*, is to dare the Tongue of
Censure without the least View of acquiring Re-
putation On reading, I found I had much more
to do than I expected, every Character I was ob-
lig'd to find employment for, introduce one en-
tirely new, without which it had been impossible
to have guess'd at the Design of the Play, and
in fine, change the Diction so wholly, that, excepting
in the Parts of *Alphonso* and *Isabella*, there remains
not twenty Lines of the Original

After what I have said, I hope nobody will
believe the *Pride* I take in what I have done, in-
duces me to give this particular Account, since I
have no other Reason for it, than to assure the
Readers I shou'd have more consulted their Sa-
tisfaction, if I cou'd have thought the Scheme I
was oblig'd to follow, was worthy of embellish-
ing, or that the Ambition of pleasing them wou'd
have been imputed to

Their Humble Servant,

ELIZA HAYWOOD.



PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. BOHEME.

LONG has it been the Clamour of the Age,
 That Party-Feuds have rent both State and Stage,
 But, (thank the Foresight of our South-Sea Masters!)
 Faction is quite o'erwhelm'd by worse Disasters
 Nor This, nor That, can we a Grievance call,
 For One great Discontent has swallow'd all.
 Yet you expect, how'ev'r the Stocks are low,
 No Damp of Care should cloud the Muses Brow
 Tho Poet's Tickets, Times are now so nice,
 Like Third and Fourth Subscriptions, bear no Price.
 The Bays, 'tis true, with which the Bards are crown'd,
 Flourish, tho fiercest Lightnings play a-round
 Conscious of This, our Author dares engage
 'Gainst all the Hardships of this stormy Age.

The

The guarded Muse all other Rage defies,
 Save what from your Displeasure may arise:
 Not but her Sex to Favour pleads some Right,
 A Female Pencil draws the Lines to-might.
 Ladies, 'tis your Concern to interpose,
 Who hurt a Woman, are your Sex's Foes;
 And, Sirs, consider 'tis a Lover's Cause,
 Sure, a Fair Captive some Compassion draws.
 Think Her the Muse, and learn to pity then
 A Woman's Sufferings, from a Woman's
 Pen.



E P I L O G U E.

By A A R O N H I L L *Efq;*

A S from some Dream, a trembling Prophet starts,
 And woeful Warnings to the World imparts
 So I, bicker loose, from a Seraglio Life,
 Will shew, w^tat 'tis to be a Turkish Wife!
 Soft!—let me whisper!—shou'd some Husband hear,
 'Twen'd lost our Petticoat Dominion dea!
 No Visits there—no Play—no Cards—no Wooing;
 Dull, down-right Duty makes up all their doing
 Jealous

Jealous of genial Air, even that's deny'd 'em !
 And their grim Dears in Drawers and Mufflers hide 'em.
 To see us, there, these airy Hoops display,
 They'd think, our Limbs, let loose, wou'd run away
 Well !—to say truth,—good Discipline does Wonders !
 Husbands, in Turkish Climates, hear no Thunders.
 To Matrimonial Contract, meekly just,
 All Women, there, obey—because they must.
 Silent, they sit, in passive Rows, all Day,
 And musing, cross-legg'd, stich strange Thoughts away.
 Provoking Life !—stew'd up like Ponds of Fish,
 They feed, and fatten, for one Glutton's Dish !
 Learn'd in their Lord's vast 'North, they get by heart,
 How rich each is, in her five hundredth Part !
 But, when Night comes, how pure, how pious they !
 Who go to Bed—to sleep !—and, ife—to pray !
 Blest in full Chastity, and unbroke Slumber,
 They owe a spotless Purity—to Number
 Slow must five hundred Womens Virtue fall,
 Who have but one poor Man t'uedoe 'em all !
 Like the warm Sun, he daily does appeal,
 But his grand Round is made, since once a Year !
 Dreadful Reflection !—Call they this a Wife ?
 'Tis an unwholesom, dull,—unactive Life !
 } O England ! England ! did thy Damsels travel,
 And these dark Mysteries, of the East, unravel,
 How blest were Husbands in a chang'd Condition !
 No longer found to need their Wives Tuition !

} But these are Secrets, better hid, than shown :
 } Custom's our Friend—and we'll e'en hold our own.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

<i>Mustapha, Grand Vizier</i>	Mr <i>Quin.</i>
<i>Ozmin, a Noble Turk</i>	Mr <i>Leigh</i>
<i>Achmat, Aga of the Janizaries.</i>	Mr <i>Egleton</i>
<i>Haly, Chief Eunuch.</i>	Mr <i>Boheme</i>
<i>Alphonso, a Spaniard of Quality</i>	Mr <i>Ryan.</i>
<i>Pedro, his Friend</i>	Mr <i>Diggs.</i>

W O M E N.

Irene, Daughter to the Sultan, } Mrs. Gifford
 and Wife to *Mustapha* }
Daraxa, a young Lady disguis'd } Mrs. Forrester.
 in the Habit of an Eunuch.
Isabella, a beautiful Spanish Lady, } Mrs. Seymore.
 taken Prisoner by the Turks.

Guards, Eunuchs, and Mutes.

SCENE, *Constantinople.*



THE
FAIR CAPTIVE:
 A
 TRAGEDY.

THEATRUM MUNERUM
 LIBRÆ MAGISTERIUM
 ET
 THEATRUM MUNERUM
 LIBRÆ MAGISTERIUM

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Street before the Seraglio.*

Ente, Alphonso, Pedro, and Servants.

Alph  FTER the Toils of a long dan-
 gerous Voyage,
 Safely, at last, we've reach'd
 Constantinopie
 And sure, methinks, my *Pedro*,
 'tis most hard,
 This Heavenly Clime, this Earthly Paradise,
B *This*

2 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

This Beauteous M^{istress} of the *Eastern* World,
Shou'd drag the Chains of Arbitrary Power
Spite of her Pomp, she drooping, still laments
Her ravish'd Freedom, and her lost Estate.
Her Spices, Gums, her Odours, Wines, and Oil,
With all the Joys luxuriant Nature pours
Upon her Head, seem quite unknown, or tasteless ;
Has the least share herself of her own Blessings,
And, like a Miser, pines in all her Plenty

Ped. What wondrous Revolutions has she seen,
And what Variety of Conquerors known ?
Wild furious Nations from the Fields of *Thrace*,
The *Hun*, the *Saxen*, and dreadful *Goth*,
And last, this rugged, barbarous *Scythian* Crew,
From Icy Rocks, from cold *Rhipæan* Hills,
From Mountains cloth'd with everlasting Snow,
Like ravenous Beasts of Prey, come rushing down,
To change their Climate for a warmer Sun,
And fix the Standard of their stroling Prophet.
Greece, who to all the World around her taught
Ingenious Arts, Morality, and Arms,
Now quite forgets, herself, the Use of Letters,
And all involv'd in Clouds of Ignorance,
Sits mournful, brooding o'er her learned Ruins,
Her tuneful Streams are lost, her Fountains silent
But, Brave *Alpheus*, let us turn our Eyes
From this ungrateful Prospect, and resume
A worthier Cause. Yes, Sir, the Cause which
brought you

Hither, to redeem your Captive Mistress

Alph. Yes, Friend, I hope to find no Obstacle ;
I've Gold good store to glut these fierce *Barbarians*,
And must, and will obtain my *Isabella*,
That lovely Maid, that dear, that heavenly Fair !
The brightest Soul that ever was infus'd
Into an *Angel's* Frame : I tell thee, *Pedro*,

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 3

Not all the balmy odoriferous Breezes,
Fan'd from yon blooming Groves, when *Eastern*
Gales,

With Aromatick Sighs, perfume the Air,
Are half so sweet, so soft as *Isabella*
Her smallest Charm, to me, is of moie worth
Than the whole Bulk of this extended Empire

Ped Too well they know the Value of their Prize;
Or, for the Ransom which her Friends propos'd,
She had, e'en this, been render'd to your Arms

Alph Oh! thou hast rouz'd a Thought which
shocks my Soul,

My stifled Jealousies now blaze afresh,
And shoot then burning Arrows thro each Vein.
Wild and untaught, as is this Savage Race,
They yet have Eyes, and Beauty, such as hers,
Must raise Desire. And what may not Desire,
When aim'd with Power, obtain, or force? Honour,
How vainly have I sought, how dearly bought thee,
If, while my Country's Cause employ'd my Arm,
My *Isabella*'s lost? How shou'd I curse
Those Wounds I thought my Glory while I felt 'em,
Since they detain'd me from the Calls of Love?
Oblig'd to wait a lingring Cure, who knows
What dull Embassadors her Friends employ'd?
Some trading Wretches, who ne'er knew the Worth
Of ought but Wealth, meer Haglers of the Market.
Were such fit Men to treat for *Isabella*?

Ped My Lord, her Father gave them full Com-
mission
To offer Sums immense to buy her Freedom;
Yet still they made Pretences to detain her

Alph A Lover wou'd not have been so put off:
Had I been here, if Intercession fail'd,
To Stratagem I shou'd have had recourse;
And next, to Force.

4 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Ped Alas! what Hopes in Force,
When the *Seraglio* Walls withhold her from you,
And Guards of Eunuchs watch her every Motion?
'Tis Policy alone can aid your Wishes
The Jew who came aboard our Vessel, pretends
A vast Intelligence and Interest, on him
My Hopes are chiefly built.

Alph 'Tis near the Hour
In which he promis'd to return with News,
And see he comes! *Pedro*, methinks I see
A dancing Joy dart from his gloomy Eyes,
And speak Success.

Enter the Jew.

Now, my *Mercury*,
Sits the Wind fair, or must we look for Storms,
E'er we can reach this happy Land of Love?

Jew Gold, which does all things, has dispell'd
the Clouds,
Which so long hover'd o'er your rising Hopes,
And a whole Heaven of Joy now breaks upon you:
I have engag'd no meaner Friend than *Haly*,
Chief of the Eunuch Train to serve your Wishes.
But let us hence—Some haughty *Musselman*,
Farest in Conference, approach this Way,
Within I'll tell you more

Alph My better Angel.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ozmin and Achmat

Ach Yes, 'tis this Visier governs all · The *Sultan*,
Grown old in Power, now nods upon the Throne,
And holds, with such a slack and weaken'd Hand,
The Reins of Empire, that I am amaz'd
They drop not from him quite Ore bears the
Name,

But

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 5

But t'other has the Power, besides, at last,
The Visier's Marriage with the fair *Irene*,
Our Royal Master's Daughter, has drawn close
The *Gordian Knot*, that binds the Sultan to him :
He now seems fix'd and firm.

Ozm Fix'd as he stands,
This pregnant Head has form'd a Plot shall shake
him.

You see I trust thee, *Achmat*.

Ach Ozm, you may.

I have more Cause than you to hate the Visier ;
A luckless Brother's Ghost, yet unappeas'd,
Still cries aloud for Vengeance. Blood for Blood.

Ozm To indulge his own hot Passion for *Irene*,
He laid that Snare for her unhappy Lord,
And urg'd the Sultan to that rash Attempt
On fierce *Lorain*, that Thunderbolt of War ;
Where your brave Brother did not only fall,
But Thousand faithful *Mussulmen* beside him,
Were barbarously mangled at *Vienna*.

1698 I scape'd indeed, but there the *Turkish* Glory
Was all trod down, never to rise again
Your Brother dead, the Villain gain'd his Ends ;
Irene's Wishes dy'd not with her Lord :
He quickly woo'd, and won her to his Purpose,
But waded to her Bed thro Seas of Blood

Ach Revenge may sleep, but never, never dies ;
Even while I speak, the darling Passion fires me,
Informs me like a God : 'tis rooted here,
Glows in each Vein, and quickens every Pulse.
Death's Icy Hand shall one day close these Eyes,
And every Thought may with my Being cease,
Then, then perhaps shall I forgive the Visier :
But while Remembrance prompts this active Brain,
I shall be still most watchful for a Season
To pluck the high-rais'd Villain from his Seat,

And

6 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

And make *Irene* mourn a second Lord.

Ozm. Already she repents her ill-plac'd Love. Not all her Beauties have the Charm to fix him, Weary, and surfeited with her Embraces, { He seeks new Joys in a fair Christian's Arms, A Captive Maid, ta'en in the *Spanish* War This I discover'd, and inform'd her of, With artful Words instill'd the stealing Poison : And now her haughty Soul with Jealousy Swells ev'n to bursting, by this means I hope To work the Visier's Ruin. The Arrows of Revenge

Ne'er fly so sure, as when their Points are tipt With Woman's Malice.

Ach. You much amaze me :

Fam. speaks him fond, even to Dotage, on her *Ozm.* Oh ! he dissembles ev'n to Admiration, And trust me, *Achmat*, 'tis his Master Talent. Nature has form'd him all Hypocrisy, His Words, his Voice, his Looks wear deep Deceit :

Not one unguarded Motion e'er betrays The Workings of his Soul, but always seems What he'd be thought, not what he truly is

Ach. Since such a Master in the Art of Feigning, By what strange Means was his new Flame reveal'd ?

Ozm. Since sworn, with me, the Visier's deadly Foe,

And Brother in Revenge, you shall be told The only now remaining Secret You knew *Mirvan*, the late Bashaw of *Adrianople*.

Ach. Most perfectly

Ozm. You must remember too, He died that same cui's'd Day, in which This hateful Visier marry'd with *Irene*.

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 7

Ach. I do.

Ozm. After his Death, some private Business
Requir'd my sudden Presence at his House,
Where, as I walk'd in an adjacent Garden,
I heard a Woman's Voice in loud Complaints :
At first I took it for th' Effects of Sorrow
For a dear Father's Loss, for soon I saw
It was the Daughter of my good old Friend ;
But as I approach'd more near, and heard distinctly
Some Words, which Desperation made her utter,
I found 'twas Rage, and disappointed Love,
Which caus'd her Griefs, not filial Piety
The Name of *Mustapha* with Curses mingled,
And dreadful Imprecations on his Falshood,
Left me no room to doubt the Visier's Guilt.

Ach. Unhappy Maid !

Ozm. Soon as she saw me,
With distract'd Motion she wou'd have fled the
Place,
But strait I stopt her, and with soothing Art
Prevail'd upon her, since I had heard so much,
To unload on me her heavy Weight of Anguish :
And in the Sequel of the dismal Tale,
Confess'd the Visier had betray'd her Honour,
Then basely left her to repent her Fondness.
A sudden Thought then rising in my Brain,
I vow'd to assist her in some just Revenge,
Which Time should ripen into Form :
She readily embrac'd the friendly Offer,
And but a few Days past, e'er I found Means
To introduce her into the Seraglio ;
Where, in an Eunuch's Garb disguis'd, she now
resides

Ach. But what imports this, to our great De-sign ?

Ozm.

8 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

Ozm. Oh! *Achmat*, 'tis of mighty consequence.
She watches every Motion of the Visier,
And that same under-working Villain, *Haly*!
And brings me true Intelligence of all
Their Midnight Plottings, and their dark Designs:
By her the weighty Secret is discover'd,
By which I hope to sink 'em both in Ruin;
But she appears Hail to the Star which guides me
Thro the wild Road of dark Uncertainty,
And points me out the Way to Fame and Ven-
geance.

Enter Daraxa.

Nay, start not, Fair, nor let that noble Blood,
Which warms thy Heart with more than manly
Vigour,
Forsake it now, to paint thy blushing Cheeks.
Achmat, the Janissaries worthy Aga,
Thy Father's Friend, and Partner in the Hate
We jointly bear to the vile changing Visier,
May well deserve *Daraxa*'s Confidence

Dar Much have I heard of noble *Achmat*'s
Fame,
And oft have heard my Father speak his Praise,
With Rhetorick such as raptur'd Lovel's use.
Nor shou'd I blush, unless it were for Joy,
To find such Virtue did befriend our Cause,
If I, like him, for Virtue's sake alone
Became the Visier's Foe, but Oh! my Shame,
My never-ending Shame, must be proclaim'd,
And the same Breath which says, I hate the Visier,
Must also say, Nor can my Soul deny it,
Had I not lov'd too well, I had not hated

Ach. Your gentle Sex, unurg'd by Injuries,
Are soft and kind, as the descending Dew,
Refreshing where it falls, but poison'd once

With

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 9

With the infectious Air of Scorn or Falshood,
Your very Nature changes to its contrary,
And kills the Stems, whose Roots it fed before.

Dar. Unbred to Politicks, and little vers'd
I'th' Sophistry of Courts, or Statesman's Art,
I shou'd not have believ'd the Visier base,
Had not his Wrongs to me unseal'd my Eyes,
And taught me, he that so foully cou'd betray
A Maid who lov'd him, might betray the World.
Justice is Justice even to the meanest,
And those who scruple not at petty Ills
To purchase petty Pleasures, will, when greater
Excite their Appetite, a& Crimes proportion'd.

Ozm. True, my fair Oracle, and mark how swift
This tow'ring Monster climbs the steep Ascent,
Which leads to all his wild Ambition aims at ;
But one Step more, and he o'erlooks the World :
The Sultan's Life is all that now remains
To lift him past the Reach of our Revenge

Ach. E'er he removes that Bar, my Rage shall
 find him,
And plunge him from this Precipice of Greatness,
With sudden-sounding Ruin, in the Deep

Dar. Our Holy Prophet's Care will guard the
 Sultan,
And sink his Foes in everlasting Shame
But I forgot, Expressis aie arriv'd,
Which speak, the Sultan has left *Adrianople*,
And will with speed return to the Seraglio

Ozm. We must not then be idle. Be it your
 Care
To keep your Janizaries Rage still warm ;
Their just Complaints and Murmurs for their Pay,
Which this vile Visier basely has detain'd,
In part will show the Traytor I'th' mean time
I'll to the Princess, fire her jealous Soul

10 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

To move her Royal Father for Redress

Dar. Some private Letters seem to please her
strangely,

While she was reading, as I near her waited,
I saw unusual Joy spread o'er hei Face:

Perhaps to you she will reveal their Purport

Ozm I'll hastle and fathom it Farewell. [Exit

Ab. Success attend you [Exit

Dar. Farewell, ingenious Lords,

But have a care you are not caught yourselves

Methinks I walk as in a Magick Circle,

Where seeing all, I am by all unseen,

Oh! that this Garb cou'd hide me from myself!

That I indeed could be the thing I seem,

Cou'd root out all the Tenderness that's here,

And nothing of my Sex retain, but Pride.

Then I might take Revenge on this falte Visier,

As ample as his Perjuries deserve.

These Men, by their own Interest chiefly led,

Wou'd make my seeming Hate their Plea for Ruin;

Yet *Mystapha*, I'll guard thee from their Malice,

Tho I will plague thee, torture thee severely,

Confound thy Peace, as thou hast mine destroy'd;

But for thy Life, I'll watch with zealous Care,

And ward off every Blow which threatens there.

[Exit.

Enter Alphonso, Pedro, and Haly.

Hal. Nay, worthy Christian, Twenty Thousand
Ducats

Is something too extravagant a Bounty.

However, I'll endeavour to deserve them,

Serve thee, tho with the Hazard of my Head

What tho the Sultan, fir'd with her Description,

Comes big with Wishes to posses hei Charms,

And feast luxuriant on hei Virgin Beauties;

Yet —————

Alp

The FAIR CAPTIVE. II

Alp Horror and Death!

Hal Nay, start not, noble Christian,
E'en this impending Storm I will dissolve.

This Night shall give your Mistress to your Arms,
And e'er the Sultan reach *Constantinople*,
You may be past his Power

Alp Thou Fiend indeed, *Alphonso*'s Soul's too
full

To speak his Gratitude, but Deeds shall thank thee.

Hal At Dead of Night repair to the Seraglio,
Where in Disguise a Slave of mine shall wait,
And safely lead the lovely Captive to thee,
Then thro a private Garden straight conduct you
To the Sea-side unseen, and unsuspected.

Alp Oh boundless Happiness! But indulgent
Eunuch,
Is there no Means e'er that to see my Love?
Just snatch a transient View to cheer my Soul,
My longing Soul, which burns with fierce Impa-
tience

Hal. This credulous Fool shall not be wholly
cheated. *[Aside.]*

Even this, tho' difficult, I will perform;
Go dress thee in the Habit of a *Mussulman*,
And at yon gilded Gate attend my coming:
But, Christian, as the advent'rous Task I set thee,
Perhaps may bear some little face of Danger,
I hope thy Courage—

Alp Courage, in that Cause!
Tho' every step I trod on burning Irons,
I'd pass undaunted to behold that Fair-one.

Hal. Haste then, and wait the Blessing that at-
tends thee. *[Exit Haly.]*

Ped *Alphonso*, spare my Blushes, and forgive
The fond Expostulations of a Friend;
Consider yet once more, restrain your Wishes:

12 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

Sure is your Danger, your Success uncertain

Alp. Ah *Pedro!* hadst thou ever lov'd like me?
Cou'dst thou but think for what a Prize I venture,
Or only feel but half what I endure,
Believe me, Friend, thou wou'dst not talk thus
coldly?

Is there a way to see my *Isabella!*
And shall I shun it for a Shew of Danger!
I long, I burn to clasp the charming Maid!
To press the melting Fair-One to my Breast!
To hear her talk, and tell me all her Sorrows!
And sooth her into Peace, with Sounds of Love

Ped. How vain is Reason, when oppos'd by
Passion!

But if my Fears should prove——

Alp. Away with Fears!
I'll listen only to the Voice of Rapture!
I go to *Isabella!* Bear, ye Winds,
That Sound in gentle Whispers to her Ears!
Tell her, her Lover comes to set her free,
To ease her Sufferings, and dispel her Griefs.

So, when despairing *Ariadne* lay,
Expos'd, alone, to savage Beasts a Prey,
An am'rous God flew swiftly to her Aid,
Fir'd with her Charms, and sav'd the lovely Maid

{*Exeunt*





ACT II.

The Grand Visier discovered on a Couch, in a melancholy Posture: Soft Musick, which ended, he comes forward.

*Musick empty and insignificant are Great-
ness, Splendor and Wealth, Magnificence
and Pomp,*

That with false Brightness dazzle Vulgar Eyes,
And make the fawning Croud admire and tremble,
If sweet Tranquillity of Mind be wanting :
And vain are all soft Blandishments to gain,
Or tooth the troubled Soul A careless Swain
Stow'd in a little Cottage, with Content,
Is happier far than I His slender Wealth
In bleating Flocks, and lowing Herds consists :
Him flowly Lawns, and limpid Streams delight ;
Few are his Wishes, and his Joys are boundless :
Sings all the Day, and sweetly sleeps all Night.
I'm still a Slave to Love, that cruel Tyrant
Palls every other Joy, and shades my Glory.
Within this Burning Breast a Fever rages,
Preys on my Heart, and fires my very Blood.
But here a Torment comes, that all exceeds.

Now

14 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Now must I strive to stifle what I feel,
And act a Tenderness my Soul abhors.

Enter Irene.

Irene. How are you chang'd of late, my *Mustapha*?
Restless you seem, and fly from your *Irene*,
A sullen Care, a gloomy Melancholy
Sits lowring on your Brow · This is not kind,
Indeed it is not, to conceal from me,
Your tender Consort, Partner of your Bed,
The Cause of this your Discontent and Anguish.

Muf. Oh curst Necessity of feigning Love!

[*Aside.*]

Fairest of Women ! I have no Discontent,
No sawcy Care that dares extend to thee ·
This toilsome Load of Business of the State
Bears heavy on me, almost weighs me down ;
And, but for thee, the Weight cou'd not be borne ·
Thy Starry Eyes, with bright unrival'd Lustre,
From my joy'd Breast dispel all anxious Cares

Irene I'm satisfy'd · Nor shall I press you farther;
Yet you have oft deceiv'd me · *Isabella*
Has now obtain'd Permission to return
To *Spain*. You often promis'd that poor Maid
And me, long since, t'obtain the *Sultan's* Will ;
But never, never did it, *Mustapha*

Muf. Unknown to me, who has been so officious
To interpose ?

Irene. By Letters fill'd with urgent Prayers,
I have at last obtain'd this long-wish'd Grant

Muf. Curse on your meddling, mischief-making
Sex

[*Aside.*]

Irene. What is't thou say'st ? Thou seem'st
displeas'd and thoughtful.

Muf.

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 15

Muf. You've been too busy, done you know not what :

She shall not yet go hence, nor is it proper ;
We have most weighty Reasons to detain her.

Iene. Now, now the Villain breaks through all his Art [Aside.]

Those Reasons are as secret as they're strange :
So, when a hundred Christian Slaves were ransom'd }
For trifling Sums, and more for her was offer'd }
Than might have bought a Princess' Liberty ; }
Yet you had Reasons then.

Muf I had.

Iene. Yes, yes,

I know thou had'st, deceitful Visier ! [Aside.]
But 'tis no longer in thy power to stay her ;
All's done, the Order's sign'd : nor one Day more
Shall she remain in the Seraglio.

Muf. Oh Torture ! but I will not thus be baffled. [Aside.]

Madam, forgive me, if I think your Love
To this fair Christian Maid outweighs your Judgment :

I can't believe the Sultan has consented,
Or will not, when he hears what I shall offer.
I shall detain her then, till he returns ;
If then his Orders are—

Iene. His Orders now are positive ;
Nor shalt thou, Visier, dare to disobey them.

Muf. I will not disobey them, but delay :
Nor will my Royal Master blame my Caution,
When he shall know—

Iene. I can contain no longer !
What shall he know, thou most perfidious Man ?
What can thy subtle working Wit invent,
To skreen the Injuries thou dost his Daughter ?
For I no more will feign an Ignorance

Of

16 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Of that which is too obvious to the World,
The wondering World, that starts at thy Ingratitudo

Must. I must appease this Tempest, or 'twill rack me. [Aside]

What means *Lene*?

Irene The Meaning is too plain,
There needs no *Oedipus* to solve this Riddle
Had *Isabella*'s Charms been less attractive,
She had not mourn'd in vain for Liberty

Must. How easily the lurking smother'd Flame
Of Jealousy, blazes in Womens Breasts
Now, my *Lene*, I shou'd chide your Rage,
Were not the Pain it gives yourself, too great
For me to wish addition But, my Fair!
You cannot, sure, in earnest, wrong so much
The Lustre of your own unequall'd Beauties,
To think the Heart, which once has felt their

Force,

Should stoop so low to prize such little Prettyness,
As *Isabella* boasts? [Offering to take her by the Hand

Lene Away, false Man!

Irene is not to be caught
By smooth-tongu'd Flattery, the Bait of Guils:
I see the Villain thro the fawning Courtier,
And as I ought, will prove my just Resentment

Enter Darava

Dar Most mighty Visier! *Haly* with Impatience
Entreats an Audience at your own Apartment

[Mustapha whispers, and Exit Darava]

Lene *Haly* impatient at his own Apartment!
By Heaven, I like not that fly treacherous Eunuch,
Some Mischief is on foot. [Aside.]

Must Madam, I cannot stay
To argue longer with you on this Theme,

But

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 17

But when this causeless Fury is abated,
Shall gladly answer the Demands of Reason [Exit.

Iene Cool, cool Designer! but, by the *Alcoran*,
He shall not carry't thus—

Enter Ozmin.

Ozm. A Tempest on that Brow!
Then Heaven indeed is angry, and declares
Offending Mortals must expect its Vengeance.

Iene. Met you the Visier?

Ozm. I did, and on his Brow,
Methought, I read some Marks of Discontent. .

Irene. Oh *Ozmin*! I can tell thee such a Tale
Will make thy honest Soul disdain its Form,
And wish to change it for some other Specie :
No Beast so hateful, as the Monster, Man!

Ozm. He must be more than Monstei that cou'd
wrong,
Even in a Thought, the bright *Iene*'s Charms :
But, Madam, say, what new Affronts are given ;
For, I presume, none but a Husband's Power
Wou'd dare, unaw'd by youis, to iouze your
Rage

Iene Curse on the Day which gave that Power
to *Mustapha* :
He has refus'd to obey the Sultan's Order,
And will, in spite of us, detain his Minion

Ozm. As I cou'd wish: Propitious Fortune,
Thanks! [Aside.

I grieve the Visier should be thus misled.
What tho he doats on *Isabella*'s Beauties ,
What tho his Soul, with Tenderness unspeakable,
Hangs on her, what tho he lives but in her sight,
Yet still, methinks, his Gratitude to you,

18 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

And Duty to the Sultan, should outweigh
All other Considerations

Irene No, Ozma, no,
The Traitor now begins to avow his Guilt,
Shortly he'll dare to baffle me with a Rival
But as my Injuries, my Revenge shall rise,
Tow'r o'er his Pride, and crush him into nothing.

Ozm I have been told, but cannot vouch the
Truth,

{ That if she'll be prevail'd upon to change
Her Faith for ours, he will in publick wed her
Our Law allows Plurality of Wives,
And he, perhaps, believes you may forget
The Vow he made to marry none but you }

Irene Ha' say'st thou, marry her by Mecca's
Sacred Shrine,

Should he but offer such a Deed, he dies:
'Tho but one Soul inform'd the Race of Man,
And that one Soul were his, they all should perish:
Nay, could I read it even in his Wishes,
But trace a Thought like that, I'd tear it out,
Tho hid in the most dark recesses of his Heart!

Ozm Far be it from me to sow the Seeds of
Discord,

I now repent me, I have said so much
The World is apt to talk, and some will magnify,
To mountaneous Heights, the least Appearances:
He may not be so guilty as they think,
At least, I hope he is not

Irene Ozma, no more
'Tis thy own Honesty which makes thee talk thus.
Those free from Guile, themselves with Pain be-
lieve

The Crimes which others act but I'm too well
Acquainted with this Traitor Husband's Falshood,
And not for his, but my own sake conceal'd it.

She

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 19

She who proclaims her Wiongs, proclaims her
Shame,

And tho the Husband sins, the Wife is scorn'd:

For what is Pity but the lowest Scorn?

{ But see! the Pander to his Crimes; that Eunuch's
 fight

To me is Hell I leave you to receive him. [Exit.

Ozm Haly! Ha! Daraxa with him, I'll observe

[Retires.

Enter *Haly* and *Daraxa*

Hal. Make no Enquiry, but obey my Orders;
At the great western Gate you'll find him waiting:
Be swift, and trust to my Commands for Safety

Dar. I shall my Lord, [Exit *Daraxa*

Hal. Now for a Tale to sooth this jealous Wife,
And charm the Hurricane into a Calm.

Well met, my Lord, I thought to have found the
 Princess [Seeing *Ozmin*.

Hal. She but this moment past to her Apartment
Much discompos'd

Hal. I come to bring her Ease
The Vizier has consider'd her Request;
And whate'er Reasons Policy might urge
To thwart her Will, he bad me say his Love
To her outweighs 'em all, her favorite Slave is free,
And may, as she shall order, be dispos'd

Ozm. Curst Chance! this overturns all I have
 done [Aside.

No doubt this kind Compliance will oblige her.

Hal. Please to inform her of it, an Affair,
Of no less Consequence, requires my Piefence
In another Place

Ozm. I shall most willingly

Hal. Tell her that *Isabella* may this Night
Depart the Palace, if she so thinks proper.

20 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Ozm. I shall.

Hal Then pardon Haste [Exit Haly.

Ozm Damn'd Turn of Fortune.

My Hopes are blasted, all my Plots defeated,

This reconciles *Leue* to his Interest,

And yet *Daraxi* told me, that he lov'd

{ The Christian Maid with such a Height of Passion,

He sooner wou'd forgo his Life than her.

But then Ambition, anc' his Wife's Resentment :

Ac, that's the point : methinks, I scorn him now,

Even more than e'er I hated : Cou'd pity him,

Who rather than offend a Wife, wou'd quit

A darling Mistress Coward, Coward Visier [Exit.

S C E N E changes.

Isabella discovered at a distance

Enter *Daraya* and *Alphonso* in a Turkish Habit.

Da. This is the Place, and see where *Isabella*,
Pensive, alone retir'd from all the Court,
In yon cool Marble Pecico, each Morn
Enjoys the pure reffeshing fragrant Air,
Blown from the Sultan's Gardens

Alp Once more I'm blest, I see my *Isabella*,
A soft unusual Tis'mbling steals upon me,
Binds down my faultering Tongue, and damps
my Spirits,

My panting Heart beats thick What must I say?
O! how shall I appio'ch her? So she look'd!
Just so! and such a pleasing Pan I felt
When I at first beheld the beauteous Maid—

Da. She moves this way

Alp She sees us

D' I'll retne

I wish this Interview does not cost thee dear

[Aside, ardE rit.
Isa. What

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 21

Isa What do I see ! Who art thou that presum'st
To enter these Apartments ?

Alp. Lovely Fair !

From distant Lands, from foreign Climes remote,
Thro Winds, and Waves, all Horrors of the Deep,
An amorous Youth, borne on the Wings of Love,
Is flown to thy Relief, and offers thee
Freedom and Liberty Oh charming Maid !
O be propitious, smile on his Designs !
And, pitying, look upon a bleeding Heart
That freely yields itself a joyful Victim
To succour thee, and save thee from the Rage
Of barbarous, impious Men.

Isa I shou'd not be
A Stranger to that Voice—O all ye Saints !
Am I awake, or is it all Delusion ?
'Tis he ! 'tis he ! O Heaven ! 'tis my *Alphonso* !
'Tis he ! the Life, the Soul of *Isabella*
O take me to thy Arms, and hide my Blushes ;
Let me be hush'd within thy fond Embraces,
And hear the Sound of Misery no more.

Alp. O Joy too fierce to bear ! O killing Transport !

Isa But say, *Alphonso* ! tell me quick, my Love,
How cam'st thou here ? A sudden Terror
Invades my Spirits in the midst of Rapture,
And I even faint with Apprehension for thee :
Speak by what Means thou here wer't introduc'd,
Where Death inevitable guards the Passage
From the approach of Strangers.

Alp. Banish those Fears ;
This Night thou shalt be free to give a Loofe
To all the tender Transports of thy Soul .
A faithful Friend, when all is hush and silent,
Will bring thee to these Arms, which ake to hold
thee

In

22 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

In the soft Folds of Love, to part no more !
He will conduct us safe, and unobserv'd,
To the Sea-side.

Isa. It cannot be, *Alphonſo*

Who is the Traitor that has thus abus'd thee ?

Alp I'm not abus'd, 'tis *Haly* will protect me

Isa The Eunuch *Haly* ? Favourite of the Vifir !

Oh thou 'rt betray'd, and I am lost for ever !

This very Day had I procu'd my Freedom,

The generous Princess had obtain'd it for me :

But this unhappy Chance brings both our Ruins.

Alp O stop those Words, recall those dreadful
Sounds ,

The World may perish, and Confusion reign,
A Peal of Thunder, pointed at our Heads,

May strike us dead, but nought shall part us more

Isa. 'Tis the Court alarm'd, already thou'rt dis-
cover'd ! [An Alarm

Oh my *Alphonſo* ! What unlucky Star
Guided thee here ? Haſt thou ten thousand Lives,
This very Instant, all were forfeited.

Enter Achmat, *Haly*, and Guards.

Hal Behold the Traitor

Alp Take back that Name, vile Infidel,

Or I will write it in thy treacherous Heart.

Alb Christian, yield thyſelf !

Alp Villains ! stand off !

Inhuman barbarous Slaves !

Isa Oh he'd, for Mercy, spare his Life a Mo-
ment

Hal Hurt not the Woman, stop their Mouths :

away , [They are forc'd off.

Ath

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 23

Ach. Whence came this Man, and who were
his Confederates

Int he Seraglio? 'tis all mysterious.

Hal. I must not let him into the Design, [Aside.
But form a Tale, tho false, yet plausible:

He is a Christian, *Isabella's Lover*,
And hither come from *Spain*, that's his Pretence,
To ransome her, but a curst black Design
Lurk'd underneath: He privately had brib'd
A Slave of mine, with a large Sum of Gold,
To bring him into the Seraglio;
No doubt, to lie conceal'd against the Life
Of our great Master

Ach. How was this known?

Hal. The Eunuch, who conducted, has be-
tray'd him,

There are besides some other Circumstances,
Which will more perfectly make out his Treason
When the Divan shall sit

Ach. It may be so,
But at the present it appears most strange,
That he, a Christian, and a Foreigner,
But lately landed on the *Turkish* Shore,
Already shou'd be link'd in a Conspiracy
Of this black Dye.

Hal. 'Tis indeed surprizing,
But yet most true Our worthy Visier's Care,
Ever most watchful for the Sultan's Safety,
Has trac'd this dark Design to its Formation:
To him all honest-hearted *Mussulmen*
Stand highly obligated Never Man
So well discharg'd the mighty Trust he bears,
Nor was so anxious for the Publick Good;
So wise, so just, so excellent in all,
So free from every Failing of Humanity,
We scarce believe him such —

Ach.

24 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Ach. Hold, *Haly*, Hold

To listen to him, makes me share his Guilt [Aside.]

Was't Wisdom, unprovok'd, to wage that War

Against the unequal Arms of great *Lorrain*? }

Or just, to shed the noblest Blood of *Ottoman*;

A curs'd Libation to his wild Ambition?

The shameful Peace, his own Designs once serv'd,

He after made, to the Eternal Blot

Of *Turkish* Glory, and the base detaining

That Pay the *Janizaries* had so dearly earn'd:

All this is excellent in thy Esteem

Hal You speak with Prejudice, nor can I blame

your Warmth;

In that unhappy War you lost a Brother,

A noble Brother! for whom Great *Mustapha*,

Not less than you, lamented For the *Janizaries*,

Oft have I heard him grieve their hard Enduring,

And wish he cou'd, from his own private Purse,

Relieve their Sufferings, till the Publick Stock,

Which lately has been drain'd, cou'd do 'em justice.

Ach All curst Hypocrisy! all false as Hell!

Such Insinuations may delude the Crowd,

But when the Sultan comes, I hope to see

Long banish'd Truth again exert her Sway

Hal Thou ne'er shall see it, if this Brain holds

firm.

[Aside]

Passion's impatient, therefore, Noble Lord!

I will not urge you farther, but entreat

You wou'd not judge till the Result informs you:

The Sultan's coming will determine all

Ach. It shall determine, for, Eunuch, be assuied

Such Accusations will be brought —

Hal I must not stay

To hear 'em The Visier's Honesty

To me is so well known, I must not know,

Or knowing, must revenge his Injuries.

[Exit.

Ach.

Ach. I have been too open ; but this Villain's
Flattery
Made me unable to contain myself.
Some Work of Hell, I fear, is now in hand,
Which this unhappy Christian is the Tool
To fashion out : Yet sure a Time will come,
When Justice will again have leave to speak.

The Impious, while they reign in Sin secure,
'Cause the Bolt's slow, believe no angry Power ;
But, when, at last th'avenging Stroke is given,
They feel, and then they own the Hand of Hea- }
ven. }
[Exit.





ACT III.

Mustapha and Haly.

Must ~~Scandal~~ thy ready Wit has found
H ~~Scandal~~ the Way
~~Scandal~~ To raise my drooping Heart : a
 Beam of Light,

Unlook'd for, breaks upon me, yet I doubt
 All is not well. Alternate Hope and Fear
 Distraict my very Soul ! I'm all confus'd,
 Lost, and bewildred in a Maze of Passions !

Haly. The common Workings of a Mind in Love !
 My Lord, if you retreat, you're lost for ever,
 Embrace, Great *Mustapha*, this kind Occasion,
 And I'll ensure my Life on your Success
 But if this Opportunity escapes you,
 The amorous Flame that boils within your Veins,
 Will never be extinguish'd

Must. O ! it must,
 Or into Ashes soon it will consume me
 On *Habela*'s heaving snowy Breast
 It must be quench'd Heaven ! how her Griefs
 become her !

With what a Grace she mourns her Loss of Free-
 dom,
 And seems a Turtle ruffled in a Tempest,
 Her sparkling Eyes, o'ercharg'd with heavenly
 Dew,

Like glittering Stars reflected in a Fountain ;
 With sweeter Lustre charm, and piercing Softness

Haly

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 27

Hal She's wondrous fair! fair as the new-born
Light,

When Nature deck'd the smiling Infant World;
When Blossoms, Fruits, and Flowers luxuriant
ferm'd,

With opening Sweets, a bright eternal Spring.
When all look'd gay, when all was Joy and
Transport.

Much I'm amaz'd you cou'd so long oppose
Almighty Love, and such a Heaven of Beauty,
Or struggle to repel so sweet a Passion

Muf Thou know'st that I but very seldom see
her,
Unless 'tis in the Presence of the Princess;
Whose *Augus* Eyes are not to be deceiv'd:
Under pretence of Love and Care to her,
She veil'd her secret Jealousy of me,
And kept strict watch about her lovely Charge
Discovering I refus'd her offer'd Ransom,
She privately obtain'd the *Sultan's* Order,
And I cou'd no Pretence have found to stay her,
When, by thy means, *Alphonso* was secur'd.
A lucky Thought it was, thou hast oblig'd me;
And I must study Gratitude to thank thee

Hal Most mighty Visier, all that I am is yours;
Nor longer wish to live, than I can serve you

Muf. Yes, I believe thee zealous for my Service,
Or with this Secret dare not I entrust thee,
On which my Interest, nay, my Life depends.

Hal Pursue but my Advice, your Work is done.
The Court sets out this Day to meet the *Sultan*,
And you, with ease, under Pretext of Business,
Might stay behind, who should suspect your Aim?

Muf The Princess will. O! she has piercing
Eyes,

All must be manag'd open, plain, and fair,
If she but takes the Shadow of a Feint,

28 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

And takes th' Alarm, she surely overthrows us

Hal Your quick Complyance with the *Sultan's*
Grant

For *Isabella's* Freedom, has by this

Lull'd her impatient Jealousies to Rest ;

Besides, the *Janizaries* loud Complaints,

And *Achmat's* Discontent, will furnish out

A plausible Pretence You cannot well

Leave *Constantinople* thus confus'd and murmuring.

Muf 'Tis well advis'd—but ha! see, *Haly*, see,
Is not that *Isabe'a* ?

Hal She moves this way

Muf I knew her by the eager beating of my
Heart,

E'er yet I saw her Face Be gone.

Hal I fly, my Lord

[*Exit Haly.*]

Enter Isabella.

Isa Pity, my Lord, poor *Isabella's* Fate,
Mock'd with a Show of Joy to grow more
wretched

But pity, pity more, *Alpleasoe's* Error ;
He was abus'd with false Intelligence
Forgive the Rashness of impatient Youth,
The hasty Sallies of transpouting Passion :
Turn, gentle Lord, in mild Compassion to him.
Oh let these Tears, this never-ceasing Flood
Of Sorrow melt you into Mercy for him .
Excess of Love has been his only Fault
Can you be ignorant of the Power of Love ?

Muf How moving soft is Beauty in Distress ?
Who wou'd not bear all the Fatigues of State,
For this one Satisfaction, to behold
So far a Creature bending suppliant to him ? }
Oh boundless Joys of Greatness—Charming Maid!
Beauty, like thine, would sooth the fiercest Temper,
But

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 29

But mine's too apt to take a soft Impression :
There's nothing thou couldst ask, I wou'd refuse ;
I have the Will, but not the Power to serve thee
Alphonso's Fate, the *Sultan* must command ;
At his Return thou must address to him

Ifs. The *Sultan's* stern ; he's awful and severe ;
A Stranger to the soft and gentle Passions :
He has forgot to pity youthful Frailty.
I'm timorous, weak, dejected, and forlorn,
Unpractis'd in the Courtier's winning Art,
The Foice and Heats of melting Eloquence.
Oh then espouse my Cause, and plead it to him !
The Cause of injur'd Love and Innocence ,
Th' Important Cause, the Cause of my *Alphonso* !
And may ten thousand Blessings light upon you ;
Each prattling Babe shall learn to lisp your Praise,
And every Maid and faithful Lover blesss you.

Mus. A thrilling Joy runs sporting through my
Veins,
Whene'er thou talk'st—I'll undertake thy Cause,
O lovely Maid ! Noi cou'd I plead in vain,
Wert thou but kind—Death to my Hopes ! the
Princess !
Now all the Statesman's Subtilty assist me

Enter Irene.

Irene. Hail, my dear Lord ! 'tis kind and ge-
nerous in you,
To succour thus the Afflicted and Distrest ,
I hope *Alphonso* may deserve your Pardon
Mus. 'Tis not in my power to give him one ,
You know our holy Laws determine Death,
The least Atonement for a Crime like his

Ifs. Some due malignant Planet rul'd my Birth,
And pour'd its baneful Influence on my Head
'Teach me to mourn, ye melancholy Turtles !

Teach

30 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Teach me to sigh, ye ever murmuring Winds !
Teach me to weep, ye soft o'erflowing Streams !
For I, of all my Sex, am doom'd to drink
Large bitter Draughts of everlasting Woe.

Mus What can be done to comfort thee, I will :
Of this be satisfy'd, he shall not die
Before the *Sultan* comes.

Isa Immortal Blessings crown you !
Swift let me fly to greet him with the News

[Exit *Isabella*.]

Mus Now I may hope your Jealousies are o'er ;
I shall no more behold that lovely Brow
Clouded with Frowns ; nor hear that heavenly
Voice

Untun'd with Rage and discontented Accents
Say, Shall all now be Love and Joy between us ?

Irene O the Dissembler ! But I'll match his
Artifice

[Aside.]

Yes, when *Alphonso* has obtain'd his Pardon,
And he and *Isabella* are set free,
Then I shall think thou mean'st to do me Right.

Enter Haly.

Hal My Lord, the Great Divan is now af-
femblyng,

And expect your Presence

Mus Say, I attend them,

[Exit Hal]

They meet for the Examination of *Alphonso*
I feare he will be found too guilty, but whate'er
Becomes of him, soon as his Doom is past,
His *Isabella* is at your Disposal.

Irene Now thou art kind indeed, my *Mustapha* !
And all Returns aie poor that I can make thee

[Exit *Mustapha*.]

I know not how t'interpret this Compliance :
The

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 31

The Turn's too sudden to admit Design,
And yet I cannot think it real : however,
I'll vail the just Suspicions of my Soul,
'Till I disclose the utmost of his Drift ;
Then, if I find thou hast deceiv'd me, *Mustapha*,
Thy Head shall answer for thy Heart's Offence.
[Exit.

SCENE draws to a large Hall. Achmat, Ozmin

Ach. Well, *Ozmin*, can the World match two
such Monsters

As *Mustapha* and *Haly* ?

Ozm No, Heaven forbid

That the whole Race of Human Kind shou'd
match them :

But 'twas a most unseasonable Rashness,
Just at the Crisis of our great Design,
To lay your Soul so open and unguarded :
Who courts Revenge, must warily behave,
Or ne'er enjoy the Goddess of his Hopes ;
She loves the close, but hates the talking Wooer.

Ach. That Sycophant had put me past all Pa-
tience,

Urg'd me beyond the bearing of a Man
Bred up to Arms, I have not learn'd the Art
To fawn, to flatter, and conceal my Thoughts,
Sweat to preserve, what I wou'd seek to ruin ,
And wear a Face of Friendship to destroy.
But all goes wrong, the Princess too, I hear,
Is reconcil'd to her deceiving Husband

Ozm His seeming Grant in part appeas'd her
Rage ,

But then the Storm returns with double Force,
When she perceives, as soon she will, the Cheat :
But the Bashaws appear ! Let us stand firm

To

32 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

To oppose the Visier in Alphonso's Death,
For that I know he aims at, that he may
Unrival'd, and secure, possess his Mistress.

Enter several Bashaws as to Council; they take their Places, Ozmin and Achmat sit, a Chair left for the Visier at the upper End.

Ozm. My Lords, the Visier summons us together,
T'attend the Examination of a Christian
Surpriz'd in the Seraglio: but see, he comes!

Enter Visier and Haly as in Conference, Guards

Must. Let that curs'd Eunuch be empal'd alive,
Who brought the Christian into the Seraglio;
Cut out his Tongue, shou'd he presume to mutter.

[The Visier takes his Place]
Bring forth the Christian, for 'tis highly needful,
Before he suffer Death, he be examin'd;
Death is indeed too mild a Punishment.

Ozm Are you acquainted with his Crime, my Lord?

Must His Crime is plain: Was he not found i'th' Palace?

And that, without more Evidence, condemns him.

Ach Yet if a Stranger to our Laws and Customis,
He ventur'd thither, only led by Love,
The Offence is not so great, but might be pardon'd.

Ozm Mercy's the noblest Attribute of Power,
'Tis greater to forgive, than punish Wrongs.

Nor came he hither basely to betray
Our Wives or Daughters, but to seek his own,
His long contracted Bride, unjustly held!

Must. Unjustly? Ozmin!

Ozm

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 33

Ozm. Mistake me not, I meant not so,
But speak his Sense, for so it seem'd to him,
Her Friends so often offering to redeem her,
Yet still deny'd that Privilege

Must Can any here believe
So imminent a Danger was incur'd,
Only to see a Mistress? When youthful Blood,
And wild Desires, enflame us for Possession,
We swear, indeed, Life were too poor a Foifeit
For Love and Beauty, but who believes our Oaths?
The very she they're made to, knows 'em false,
And while she yields, dissembles in her Turn,
Feigning a Confidence her Soul denies

Ach. You're wondrous gay! but I must tell you,
 Vizier,
It ill becomes your Lordship's Character,
To sport with the Misfortunes you wou'd doom
As criminal—

Must I can be serious, *Aga!*
As those shall find who contradict my Will.

{ *Ach* Where Will is lawless, none but Slaves
 obey.

Ozm. No more, my Lords, these most untimely
 Jars;

The Christian comes! let Justice hold the Balance.

Enter Alphonso guarded and chain'd.

{ *Must* He bears a lofty Mein! by *Mahomet*,
Tell us, vile Christian, from what curst Impulse
Hast thou attempted this infernal Treason,
What impious Motive, fir'd thee to offend
The Sultan, Heaven's high Sacred Delegate,
The mighty Lord, and Master of the World?

Alp. Were he indeed the greatest Power on
 Earth,

34 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Or quite as mighty as you please to stile him,
I wou'd redeem my injur'd *Isabella*,
And with uncommon Vengeance wrest her from
him.

Must Thou'rt insolent and desperate. *Isabella*
Was made his Captive by the Chance of War,
She is his Slave, and thou, and all Mankind.

Alp In vain you wou'd make free-born Souls
your Slaves,

You've chain'd this Body, but my Mind is free,
Your boasted Pow'r does not extend so far,
As to make that your Slave: King of myself,
I'm great, and free, as your proud Emperor.
I scorn to be unjust, mean, or dishonest,
To gain your Favour, or avoid your Tortures;
Nor shall they make me fawn, or ask a Pardon
For Crimes that I abhor, nor have committed.

Must. Proud Christian! is't no Crime, in thy
Religion,

To enter privately an Emperor's Palace,
Arm'd as a Traytor, as a vile Assassin?

Alp Learn to be honest, and throw off the
Statesman,

You over-act the Hypocrite, thou know'st,
It from thy Soul thou durst confess the Truth,
I neither am a Traytor nor Assassin!

Him who betray'd me there, that treacherous
Eunuch,

Deserves those Titles, I disdain their Meaning
Ozm. Haly?

Alp Yes, *Haly*; for a Bribe I scorn to mention,
First gave me Entrance into the Seraglio;
And then, for Ends best known to his vile Heart,
Betray'd me

Ozm Most base!

Ach. Monstrous!

Ha!

Hal. My Lords, if ever——

Must No more

This is the Coinage of despairing Villany,
Finding no Means whereby t'acquit thyself,
Wou'd drag the Innocent to Perdition with thee.

Hal Yet give me leave, most mighty Visier!

My honest Soul even shudders at the Thought:

{ Have I thus long preserv'd my Loyalty
Untainted by th'infected Blasts of Faction,
To hear myself at last impeach'd and tax'd
Before this great Assembly, O holy Prophet!
As an Accomplice in a Traitor's Guilt?
But, till his Seizure, if I ever saw
This perjur'd Christian, may just Heaven look
down,

And rain in Storms its heavy'st Vengeance on me.

Alp To answer thee, vile Slave! wou'd be to
fall

{ To an Indignity below my Chains;
The Jew who brought me to thee knows thy
Crimes,

And may in time appear to thy Confusion.

Ozm Ach What Jew?

Must Some new Invention! we'll hear no more!
Give him the Rack, till he recants his Treasons

Alp Your Racks and impious Tortures I despise,
Noi can I die but once, no matter how.
And better once, than ever live in Misery.
What can your Malice more? I'm proof against
Even Death itself. Perhaps, too, I can bear
More Pain than you'll inflict

Must Presumptuous Wretch!

Stung with Remorse, and urg'd by wild Despair,
Thou talk'st in such a daring Tone—but know
There is a wide essential Difference
Betwixt the slighting Death, and bravely dying;

36 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

One is Fool-hardiness, the other Courage.
You wish to die, because ashame'd to live
Some Reasons thou may'st have to hate thy Life,
Tho none to covet Death, but in thy Fancy,
What thou think'st brave, is stupid Rashness only.

Alp Let Slaves to Fear shrink at the King of
Terrors,

And guilty Cowards look aghast and tremble,
I am no Criminal, no conscious Shame
Of secret Injuries confound my Soul,
And make my Life seem burdensome or odious
I could sustain Toil, Poverty, or Scorn,
Hunger and Cold, and all the Ills of Life,
So much abhoir'd, and shun'd by Human Kind,
Blest in my Love, secure of *Isabella*,
But if I must lose her, I wish to die

Must Give him his Wish speak, Lords, is it
not just?

Give me your Voices, or from this time forward
Let none presume to mutter

Ali Basbas He ought to die

Ozm to *Ali* 'Tis vain to oppose when Num-
bers are against us

Must I thank you all Go lead him to the
Dungeon,

Set a strong Guard, but ease him of his Chains;

That I'll permit for *Isabella*'s sake,

And let the Mutes attend for further Orders

[*Exeunt all but Mustapha and Haly.*

Hal A Task well over How mean you to
proceed?

Must Just as my Fortune points, to Joys im-
mortal!

To Extasies, beyond the reach of Sense!

To knifs, without a Name, in *Isabella*'s Arms!

Ali Info, in seeming Mercy, I'll reprieve,

And

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 37

And make a Merit of my Pity for him,
Ensnare her with the specious Show of Friendship;
Then, when her gentle Soul is melted down
With tender Gratitude, I'll seize the Charmer,
And print Love's Image on the yielding Softness.

Clemente } *Hal* Most excellent! this is to be a Man!
} Not pine for Joys which are within your Reach
But I had almost forgot the Eunuch Slave
Who brought the Christian into the Seraglio,
Before he suffers Death, entreats your Ear,
He has, he says, a Secret to deliver
Which will concern you nearly.

Must. Admit him
If't be Complaints, we can dispatch him easily.

[*Mutes go out, and return with Daraxa.*

Hal Fearless he seems of Death, but yet perplex'd,
As if a greater Loss than Life disturb'd him,
All his Deportment is above his Station,
And strikes my Soul with an unusual Wonder:
Mark what becoming Pride sits on his Brow,
Methinks I read strange Meanings in his Eyes.

Must I shou'd trace something there I'm well
acquainted with,
But what I know not—speak thy Business.

Dar. Not to beg Life, for that I know were
vain,

For his Security I ought to die, [pointing to Haly.
As 'twas for yours I only wish'd to live
But tho this Garb has hid me from the World,
And shrowded the Dishonours of my Life;
In Death I wou'd not be conceal'd from thee,
Nor can my ever-faithful Soul forsake
Its dwelling here, unwarning thee of Foes,
Of bloody Foes, that seek thy Ruin, *Mustapha*!

Must I am amaz'd! what mean'st thou?

Dar.

38 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Dai First, I'll be just,
And punish the Betrayer of my Honour,
This fond, this foolish Heart that has undone me,
[Stabs herself.]

Bleed, bleed Seducer! Expiate thy Offence,
Such Tears as these can only wash my Shame
away,

And give me Courage to appear *Daraxa*!

M'ſt Daraxa! O why hast thou done this Deed?

Dar What could I less have done? Wretch that
I am!

{ My Fame, my Glory, and my Peace of Mind,
Thou, *Mystapha*! long since, hast basely murder'd:
And what has Life to boast when they are gone
Like some poor discontented Ghost I've watch'd,
With bleeding Heart, and aking Eyes, thy Steps,
Seen all the Labyrinths of thy mazy Passions,
And now wou'd caution thee to shun thy Fate,
For oh! thou stand'st as on a Precipice,
Whence the least Push may hurl thee to Destru-
tion

Violetta

M'ſt Whom should I fear?

Dai Can't thou ask that, and know
How many thousand Curses are upon thee?
My Strength begins to fail, and Life's last Stream
Is almost ebb'd. Beware a jealous Wife!
And the false Friendship of designing *Ozma*!
Ahmat, revengeful for his Brother's Death,
Is thirsty for thy Blood—Here in thy Breast,
O too much lov'd, and too ungrateful Man,
Here, where my Shame began, here let it end,
Farewell—farewell for ever! oh!— [Dies.]

Hal She's gone!

Rouze, rouze, my Lord, and quit this Scene of
Horror

M'ſt

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 39

reflective } *Must.* When I reflect how once I lov'd this Maid,
How much I doated on her every Charm,
And wish'd no Paradise but in her Arms ;
I seem a Monster even to myself
What a strange Creature's Man? through what
various Paths

Does fickle Fancy lead our vain Desires?
Restless and still unsatisfied we roam,
For perfect Happiness was never found .
One Wish obtain'd, another still succeeds,
And Hopes and Fears, in an alternate Round,
Weary out Life, and mock our best Resolves

Hal My noble Lord! be not thus lost in Thought.
Must The Sight has shock'd me, wou'd she
had dy'd in private

Hal. The Calls of Business summon you away ,
Improve the Hint she has so timely given,
Ozmin and *Achmat*—

Must Something must be done ,
Eternal Hurries wait upon the Great.
Dangers without, Horrors within perplex him.

In vain o'er Slaves we boast an envy'd Sway,
While we ouiselves are our own Passions Prey ,
We're lesf unconquer'd, and more lost than they }
[*Exeunt.* }



A C T



A C T IV.

SCENE, a Prison.

Alphonso with a Book in his Hand.

confine 2 hours
 'M satisfy'd— this Doctrine truly charms
 me !
 Awake, my Soul ! shake off thy earthly
 Habits !

New plume thy Wings, and turn thy longing Eyes
 To the bright Regions of Eternal Day !
 How dangerous were it to our future State,
 Shou'd these frail Joys be lasting and unmix'd,
 That charm our Souls with empty fond Delights,
 And chain our groveling Senses down to Earth ?
 No Tempest-beaten weary Traveller,
 Benighted, wilde'd, void of Hope and Comfort,
 With greater Joy compleats his purpos'd Journey,
 Than I embrace my Death, and quit the World :
 Oh ! were my *Isabella* but secuie,
 I shou'd not have one Wish to linger here
 But, ha ! the lovely faithful Maid appears ,
 Like Night's bright Queen she gilds the Vale of
 Horror,
 And lightens all the wide Expanse around.

Enter

Enter Isabella.

Thou tender blooming beautious Innocence !
Peace of my Soul ! thou Charmer of my Cares,
What Words shall I find soft enough t'express
Thy wondrous Love, and my redundant Fondness
Now, spite of all my Griefs, even now this Instant,
While in my Arms— I clasp this precious Treasure.

I would not change Conditions with the Sultan.

Isa. Why, has the great Dispenser singled us
From the whole Mortal Race to be compleatly
wretched ?

Alp. O murmur not, my Love, at Providence !
Heaven is too wise and good to punish us
Without a Cause, nor let us rashly dare
To censure what we cannot comprehend,
These lowring Clouds just teeming with Destruction,

That hover o're our Head may be disperst,
The threatening Storm may burst at Distance from us,
And leave the Sky bright and serene again.

Isa. Alas, *Alphonso* ! nothing now can save us !
Not the least glimmering Dawn of doubtful Hope
Breaks out to light us thro' this dismal Maze,
'Tis dark ! 'tis frightful all ! and comfortless !
Thy Case has been related to the *Mufly*,
And in their Prophet's Name, he votes thy Death

Alp Curse on their Prophet, and his bloody Laws;
From Brutes, 'tis idle to expect Humanity,
Their Breasts are harder than the Scythian Rocks,
On which their fierce Progenitors were nus'd.

Isa. Must we then Part *Alphonso*, part for ever !
Oh, 'tis a dismal killing Thought ! for ever,

42 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

How can it be? shall Death have Power to sever,
Divide our Souls, blended in Love and Fondness?

Alp. This ravish'd Heart, with Joys unfelt before,

Beats to the heavenly Musick of thy Voice,
As at Noon-Day, the Sun burnt labouring Swain,
His glowing Breast scorch'd with immoderate
Heat,

Pants for the cool refreshing limpid Stream,
So pants my Soul for thee, for Love and Virtue!
Thus fix'd, I could for ever gaze upon thee
With fond Desire, with ardent Breathings charm'd
To Extacy unutterable! Lost

In a sweet o'erflowing Tide of Transport

Isa. Thy Words *Alphonso*, melt my Soul away.
Why dost thou turn me all again to Softness?
In pleasing Dreams, why should our Thoughts
be dull'd,

While Death each Moment gather Ground upon us!

Since we must die let us die as Lovers should,
And while 'tis in our Power, as it becomes us.

Alp. What dost thou mean?

Isa. Canst thou not guess, *Alphonso*?

Alp. Make me no Stranger to thy nearest
Thoughts,

Oh, tell me all thy Soul!

Isa. My Heart's too full — (turns away her
Head weeping)

Alp. Thy throbbing Breast swells with some
dreadful Thought,

That struggles hard, and strives to find a Vent.
Oh! speak my gentle Love.

— *Isa.* I've brought this Dagger —

Alp. Ha! hold thee there! I would not hear a
Word

Seeles mihi
suum
II. Oratione 62
Ex xth.

From

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 43

From thy soft Lips of Blood, of Blood and Murder!

I know what 'tis thou meanest, this glittering Steel
Points to the fatal Deed. It must not be
Nature afrigh.ed, startle and denies
Aloud, this hasty, Heathen Liberty.

Think! Art thou not a Christian, *Isabella*?

Isa. Yet it must be Alas! what think'st thou can
Become of me, when thou art gone *Alphonso*? — → Clever / Inclined
Alp. O, thou hast raised a Storm within my
Breast.

Ten thousand Terrors and tormenting Thoughts
Rage in my Soul, all Anxious for thy Safety.

So the *Numidian Lyon* in his Den
Lies calmly slumbring, but on a sudden wak'd
Starts terrible, and shakes his awful Main.

Majestick, stalks, collecting all his Fiercenes,
Then dreadful Roars, the Hills and Vales rejoin'd,
The Woods affrighted, wave their gloomy Heads,
And the wide Forest all around him trembles:

These Witches all are barbarous, base and faith- }
less:

I fear the *Vizier* most — he can't be honest.

Isa. Alas! thou know'st him not; to him alone
Thou ow'st thy Life till now, at my Request,
And ev'n this Hour he labours for thy Safety.

Alp. He is a cunning Monster, *Isabella*!
At thy Request? I charge thee have a Care,
He may, perhaps, ensnare thy thoughtless Ver-
tue,

Say, has he never offer'd thee his Love?

Isa. Never, by Heaven, I swear, or if he had
And made the least Impression on my Heart,
Thus I'd have torn the Traytor from my Breast
And dash'd it in his Face.

Alp. O virtuous Maid!

44 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Full well I know nought, can corrupt thy Love,
Not that of Angels burns more bright and pure,
But yet I fear —

Isa Give me thy Fears, *Alphonso*,
If that alone was all we had to fear —

Alp. O, be not too secure, ten thousand Deaths
Are not so terrible as this one Thought,
It racks me more than all the bloody Tortures
These cursed *Infidels* can heap upon me,
Let them impale me, tear me Limb from Limb;
Flay me alive, cut me to smallest Atoms,
Grind me to Dust, and scatter me in Air,
Do all that Man, or Devils, can invent,
I'd freely bear it to preserve thy Virtue.
Be on thy Guard, on Peril of thy Life;
I scorn to ransom mine at Price of thee.

Isa Is this the Recompence, the kind Requital
Of all my tender Love? Unjust *Alphonso*!
Indeed, I never did deserve Suspicion —
Why chills my Blood? my very Eyes grow dim,
Cold Damps o'erspread me, Death must give me
Ease.

Alp. What have I said? — Forgive me *Isabella*!
Confusion to my Thoughts! She faints! she dies!
Look up fair Creature! softest Innocence!
Be reconcil'd! Alas, she hears me not!
Curse on my Rashness! Ha! the scatter'd Crimson,
The fading Colour flushes o'er her Cheeks,
Again she lives, and all her Beauties brighten.
So looks the Morn, so mild, so sweet, so lovely,
When in the smiling East, the new-born Day
Reviving, paints the Sky, and glads the World

Isa Unkind *Alphonso*! why wouldest thou recal
me,
Just sinking down into the softest slumber.
Didst thou not chide me, and distrust my Faith?

Alp. I

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 45

Alp. I was to blame. But pardon my wild Passion,

Thou hast dispell'd my Fears, hush'd every Thought,

My Breast is calm, calm as the tranquil Ocean,
When on the unruffled Surface Halcions breed,

Come to my Arms, thou Miracle of Goodness.

Isa. Alas! thy manly Eyes even swim in Tears,
Thy Bosom heaves and swells with smother'd

Fondness,

If thy firm Soul at length be softned thus;

O, think, *Alphonso*, think what I endure.

Alp. Forgive a Weakness ne'er indulg'd before
This burny Flood has cut it's aking passage,
Not Streams of Blood wou'd flow with half this
Pain.

Enter Ozmin.

Ozm. Christian! I come to bring the joyful
Tidings,

The Princeſſ has obtain'd thee a Reprieve,
Nor doubts but to prevail to save thy Life.

Isa. O, generous Lady! how shall I express:
My overflowing Joy? O, give me Way,
And let me fly to thank her

Alp. Isabella, once I charge, be careful of the
Visier. (exit Isabella.)

Ozm. Christian! I heartily congratulate
Thy Hopes of Safety.

Alp. Thou speak'ſt me fair;
But ſo did that base Wretch, who firſt betray'd
me.

Ozm. I am thy Friend, and come to offer thee
The Means of Liberty. Darest thou accept 'em?

Alp. I dare do any thing that's honest and be-
comes The

46 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

The Character of Man, as Man should be.

Ozm. Know then, thy promis'd Pardon from
the Sultan

Requires long time, e're it can be effected;

Besides, I fear the *Vifier* will impede.

All Intercessions that his Wife may make,

Therefore wou'd have thee snatch the present Mo-
ment,

Which offers fair, thro' me, for thy Deliverance.

Alp And leave my *Isabella*?

Ozm She too is free.

Follow but my Advice, you both are happy.

Alp The Voice of Angels warble in that Sound,
What must I do, to purchase such a Blessing

Ozm Dispatch the *Vifier*.

Alp Ha!

Ozm Nay, start not at a Deed

Applauding Heaven will smile on, Earth approve,
And only Friends regret. His Crimes are grown
Too monstrous for this World.

Alp. Say, if they are,

Ought I to be his Executioner?

Ozm. Yes, when Necessity compels like yours
'Tis Bigotry of Honour to refuse:

But let me beg thee to withdraw a Moment,
I see a Friend approaching, and our Busines
Requires Dispatch, and Closet Privacy,
Soon I'll absolve all Scruples thou canst make (exit

Alp.

Enter Achmat.

Well Achmat say, how stand the Janizaries?

Ach Fum as our Hearts can wish, all ripe for
Mischief

I have follow'd thy Advice, instill'd those Je-
alousies

Into

{ Into their factious Heads, as have quite turn'd
Their weaker Intellect, told frightful Stories
Of horrd Innovations in the State,
This *Mustapha*'s unbounded Power and Greatness,
Told 'em that the Designs to set aside
The Race of *Ottoman*, repeal the Laws,
Transfer the Sceptre to a spurious Hand,
Or fill the Throne himself.

Ozm. Aye, aye, Tales like these,
Ne're fail to fire the Crowd.

Ach. so zealously they're bent,
They vow to shed the last dear Drop of Blood
That ebbs within their Veins to guard the *Sultan*
And make the *Vifier* lay aside the Mask,
And won himself at once. All long again
To bend the Bow, and shake the glittering Spear,
To prove the Vigour of a *Turkish* Arm
In foreign Fields of Blood, and bravely there
Wash out the Stains of an inglorious Peace,
Contriv'd by this damned *Vifier*, whom they load
With thousand Curses.

Ozm. For my own Success
Upon this Christian here, I cannot boast
As yet, but will pursue it farther. Ha!
Ruston! what makes he here?

Enter Haly Guards.

Hal Disarm 'em both.

Ach What means the Villain?

Ozm Stand oft, ye Slaves.

Hal. Vain is Resistance, the *Vifier* is inform'd
You held Intelligence with this Christian here,
For which he holds it needful to confine you,
Till you can clear your selves before the *Sultan*

Ozm. Audacious Villain!

48 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Ach Matchless Impudence.
By whom are we accus'd,
Hal Too soon you will be told,
This Visit here in Part confirms your Guilt.

Ach Tell the proud *Vifier* —

Ozm. Have Patience noble *Achmat*.

Ach. A Time will come —

Hal To punish Crimes like yours, away
Now haughty Lords you! Fate depends on me.

(*Exeunt Guards another Way.*)



S C E N E the Palace, Irene and Isabella.

Iene **D**ear *Isabella*! give a Truce to Grief,
Raise thy sad Eyes, and chear thy
drooping Soul,
Alphonso's safe, all shall be well again,
This direful Storm, this dismal threatening Tem-
pest,
When 'tis blown over, and its Rage is spent
Shall only moe endear your future Joys.

Isa Illustrious Princefs! all your Benefits
Are deeply roored in my grateful Heart,
Nor will I ever cease to address your Goodness.

Iene, Then in Return, I've one Request to
make,

That thou, with me wilt leave *Constantinople*,
And bear me Company to meet the *Sultan*
The Journey will divert and comfort thee

Isa Diversion, Madam, would ill suit my State
Depress'd, and broken with Excess of Sorrows,
Think with your self, wou'd you desire Diver-
sion, Court

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 49

Court Gaiety and Mirth, where you as I am.

Irene, Come, come, no more ! away with these
sad Thoughts,

I must not now excuse you, 'tis not proper

Isa. Heavens ! what can she mean ? Not proper
Madam ?

Had you a dying Lover to upbraid you,
A poor unhappy Wretch that forfeited
His Life, thro' ardent Tenderness for you,
Cou'd you be so unjust to leave him thus ?
I wou'd not disoblige you for my Life,
But I can die, e'er go from my *Alphonso*.

Irene, Alas, poor Maid ! I cannot urge her
more. (aside.)

But must assure my self some other Way
Thou art a tender loving Constant Creature.

The *Vifir* comes ! enjoy thy Choice, but leave
me. Exit Isabella and

enter Must. and Haly.

My Lord, I heard just now surprising News,
I hope not true.

Muf. 'Twas artfully contriv'd, but hush, no
more. (to Haly.)

What was it, Madam ?

Irene; That, tho' the Court sets out
This Day to meet the *Sultan*, you design
To stay behind us here in the *Seraglio*.

Muf Most urgent Business does detain me here.
I cannot go.

Irene, You will not *Mustapha* ?
'Tis as I thought, base and Perfidious Man,
I know thy Wiles, the Drift of all thy cunning,
Thy faithless Heart lies naked to my View,
That wretched Maid ! that poor unhappy Chri- }
stian

When I am gone, must be the Sacrifice

50 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

To thy hot Passion, thy adulterous Flame:
But dearly shalt thou pay for all my Wrongs.

Mus. As I expected — Still at your Jealousies?

This is too fierce a Proof of Love, *Irene*!

{ Little Distrusts give Edge to the Delight;
But yours are too unreasonable and wild.

Irene, Nay then 'tis Time to banish all Deceit,
Throw off Dissembling, and appear my self.
Know that, not thou, nor all thy perjur'd Sex,
E'er warm'd *Irene* with one tender Wish
Cou'd I have lov'd, my former Lord, had all
That Women doat on, or that Man cou'd boast;
I never priz'd, but now disdain and hate thee,
Mistaken Wretch! that Vow my Pride extorted,
Thou vainly thought'st was owing to my Fond-
ness,

But my Revenge shall prove, I scorn that Passion
Which thou so insolently hast depended on.

Mus. Excellent Wife! But I must turn this Tor-
rent, (aside)

Lest in its Course it overwhelms my Hopes:
If, Madam, so unworthy of your Love,
Why did you grace me with the Name of Hus-
band?

Or since so titled, what have I e'er done
That should deserve this Usage?

Irene, The worst of Crimes,
All meaner Injuries I cou'd forgive,
But I disdain the Man whom I have blst
Shou'd think another worthy his Desires

Mus. By Heaven I do not, thou art all to me,
That thy whole Sex can give, but now I find
I am not so to thee. Unjust *Irene*!

Irene, What but some base design, such as I've
nam'd
Cou'd form a Caus. to keep thee here behind us.

Mus.

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 51

Muf. O, rash Suggestion of impatient Jealousy
Which from most distant Causes can assign
Reasons to work upon, and raise Suspicion,
I have no Leisure Hours to throw away
On Love Affairs, if I were so inclin'd;
} The State engrosses all my Nights and Days
And wears me out in Watches for its Safety.
The Janizaries now, which I had told before,
Had but your Passion held the Reins of Reason,
Are highly discontent, and threaten Mutiny;
To add to this, some Spahi's are arrived,
From a confederate Prince, which bring us Word
That strange Designs are form'd against the Sultan,
And that the horrid Plot took, being here;
Ozmin and *Achmat* are suspected for it,
And but this Moment seiz'd.

Lene, This may be true.
But e'er I yet believe I'll sound him farther; *(aside)*
If it be thus, 'tis most impossible
You can go hence; therefore to prove my self
Is not a doating, yet a tender Wife.
I too will stay and bear you Company.

Muf. Death! this is ten times worse than what
I fear'd. *(aside.)*
Thy generous Soul obliges and amazes,
But yet, methinks, 'twere better for us both,
That you should go to attend your royal Father,
— You can make no Excuse: By our great
Prophet,

To Morrow, if alive, I'll overtake you.

Lene, Ha! now 'tis Plain, but I'll conceal my
Thoughts. *(aside.)*

On that Condition only I content;
You swear to Morrow, if alive, you'll follow.

Muf. I do, and thus I ratify my Oath.

52 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

Life of my Life, farewell, may Heaven protect,
you (kissing her)

Hene, O, Traytor! but I will a while be calm,
Stifle my Rage, till I at once can blast (aside)
His high-rais'd Wishes, and detect his Guilt,
Yes, he shall find, 'spite of his Artifice,
With how much Ease an injur'd Woman can
Unravel all the Schemes of faithless Man. (exit.)

Muf. Oh, *Haly!* what a Toy! to force Af-
fection,

Haly. Yet you, great Sir, make all things easy to
But now the Work is done. (you,

Muf. Ay, there remains

{ No more Impediments to bar the Way
To *Isabella's* Arms! the Thought transports me!
What is this Love, this strange mysterious Passion!
Has it the same Effects on all Mankind
As me? or is a more than usual Store
Blended in my Composure? it must be so;
'Tis idle to suppose unerring Nature
Has given us Passions only to torment us;
No, she expects they should be gratify'd,
We're free to use what she has freely given.
To vulgar Souls, dull, heavy, thoughtless Lumsp,
She has been wisely frugal of her Blessings,
They're Strangers to the purer Joys of Life,
Refin'd Delights prepar'd for nobler Minds,
Then let 'em drudge on in the common Road,
Boast of their Chastity and Temperance,
And call their stupid Sluggishness a Virtue
I must, and will indulge my brighter Senses
With all the Joys Imagination forms.

Haly. My Lord, this working Brain has form'd
a Way
To bring her safely into your Apartment,
Her Shrieks within her own may raise the Women
To

To trace the Truth, and who would trust their
Secrecy (it.

The Deed once done, for her own sake she'll hide
Mus. Thou art the best of Engines, but dispatch,
The Train will soon set out, and I'd not lose
One Moment from my Pleasures O my full
Heart

The Princess gone, the calls of Business hush'd
Those Plagues that Poyson all the Sweets of Life
By thy kind Industry remov'd. This Night
I'll travel thro' new Worlds of fierce Delight !

No saucy Cares shall the vast Bliss destroy,
But while on Earth all Paradise enjoy !



A C T V.

Enter Alponso, Ozmia, Achmat.

Ozm.  O W Christian, thou art free. And
take thy Choice,
Either to go with us against the
Visher,

Or taking the Advantage of the Night,
Endeavour to regain thy *Isabella*.

Alp. If my poor Service cou'd avail you ought,
I most unwillingly shou'd take my Leave,
But you have Numbers to assist your Purpose ;
While *Isabella*, friendless and forlorn,
Must be expos'd to savage brutish Rage,
And call in vain on Heaven or me for Aid.

Ozm.

54 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

Ozn. This Eunuch then, by whose kind Care
we live,

To disappoint the bloody Visier's Purpose,

Can easily conduct thee to that fair one.

He knows each Avenue of the Seraglio,

And may pass unsuspect'd by the Officers.

Now Achmat let us hast, your Janizaries

Will rejoice to see their *Aga*

Ach. And more,

In an Occasion to revenge their Wrongs.

Securely sleep, O *Mustapha*! this Night,

For 'tis thy last, the Morn comes wing'd with

Fate

Alp. Success wait on your Hopes.

Ach. And thine, brave Christian! (exit *different*.)

SCENE changes. Isabella, Haly.

Isa. Alphonso doom'd, and I denied to see him! O' tell me *Haly*, whence proceeds this Change? What has he done to forfeit his Reprieve? Or how have I transgres'd, to be refus'd That only Boon, I beg to suffer with him?

Haly. Alas, fair Maid, 'tis not for me to pry Into the secret Purpose of the Visier:

I am not to advise, but to obey.

Not was I less amaz'd than you, when late, He order'd me to see *Alphonso* strangled.

And have some Hours defer'd the dread Command, In Hopes your Intercession might prevail, When you shou'd know, to save him from Destruction.

Isa. O Heaven! what can I do?

Haly. Entreat the Visier

Thy Charms may soften him again to Mercy.

Isa.

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 55

Isa Where is he to be found?

Haly. In his Apartment.

Isa. Ha! a dread Horror over-spreads my Soul.
Alphonso charg'd me to avoid his Presence,
What meant he by that Fear? or what means this
Which trembles here? as tho' to wain me of him!
I dare not venture —

Haly Why, then *Alphonso*'s lost.
Unhappy Christian! I lament thy Fate ; }
And more, thy Love for an ungrateful Maid }
Who acts as Accessary to thy Murder, }
Nor stirs, nor reaches out an Aim to save thee,
from the wide Jaws of ready gaping Death.

Isa O Torture! O Confusion to my Soul!
Must then *Alphonso* die, and I neglect
All Means, all Opportunities to save him?
Or to preserve him, must I hazard Vertue?
Hazard! What Hazard? the Visier has been still
Most good, most gracious to my Supplications,
But ne'er attempted to seduce my Honour —
Away then with Delays — I fly to seek him
— Yet stay — where ait thou going *Isabella*?

{ Into the very Chamber of the Man,
Thy only Friend commands thee to avoid ;
Perhaps he had Reasons, tho' unknown to me :
Men are deceitful, cunning and designing,
I want the Ait to trace beyond their Woids,
Their Meanings may be vile, tho' seeming fair.

Haly Wake, Madam, wake, from this fantastic
Dream!
Your weak Irresolution will undo you.
I dare not, must not disobey my Orders,
And if you here remain one Moment longer,
Alphonso's Corps, all ghastly pale and cold,
Will meet your Eyes, a dismal Spectacle!

Your

56 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

Your Tears will then be vain, your Wailings fruitless.

Haly. no more, my very Soul dissolves
In Floods of Tenderness. I have been too guilty
In this Delay : O bring me to the Visier,
And may all gracious Heaven look down and aid
My Pleadings! Let the Breath of Angels
Dwell in my Voice to move his Soul to Mercy:
To Mercy for *Alphonso*.

Haly Thy own will serve the Turn. (Exeunt.

Enter *Alphonso*, Eunuch.

Alp. It cannot be, 'tis most impossible!
Forsook her Chamber at the dead of Night
Gone out with *Haly*! didst thou say, with *Haly*?

Eun. Christian, I did.

Alp. I prithee do not say it.

Or while thou speak'st, stab, stab me to the Heart.
I have indeed regain'd my Liberty
But lost in Leiu my Sences—I shall die mad
Oh *Isabella*! Cou'd I have thought this of thee?
Curse on the Thought! 'twill haunt my very Ghost!
I've read, the Habits which our Souls Contract
On Earth, affect us in another State
If so, what Benefit will Death afford!

If I remember, I once lov'd a Woman,
Woman, did I say? or Devil—a very Woman!
Frail wicked Woman! false inconstant Woman!
A Creature more deceitful than the Devil
In brightest softest Angels Form—But hold
Sure 'tis a Dream—where am I—do I live?
She must be true— Oh! No, she's base and false,
She has been false, and Damn'd her self and me.

Eun Please you, I'll guide you to the Visier's
Chamber,
But dare attempt no farther than the Entrance.
The Lords Escape by this may be discover'd
And I be lost before they can relieve me.

Alp.

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 67

Alp For me thou shalt not, lead me but to the
(Place.

I've nothing now to fear, or hope but Vengeance
{ *The Viser's Chamber, he sleeping on a* } (*Exeunt*
{ *Couch, rises and comes forward.* })

What vain Chimeras mimick Fancy forms
To mock and fright the superstitious Soul,
Methought I had my *Isabella* here!
Half yielding, trembling between Fear and Trans-
port;

But as I rush'd to seize the utmost Joy,
Her Limbs grew cold, her Lips were turn'd to Ice!
Starting, I look'd, and found instead of her,
Daxa's breathless Corps had fill'd my Arms
I do not like these Dreams — I'll sleep no more,
But wait for waking Joys — and see, they're near.

Enter Hally and Isabella.

Hal. Most noble *Viser*, this fair Christian Maid
Intreats you'd lend an Ear to her Petition.

Mus. When Beauty pleads, Brutes only can
be deaf.

Isa Thus with my Body bent in humble Awe,
Thus, with uplifted Hands, and streaming Eyes,
Wou'd I implore Compassion, mighty *Viser*,
For my *Alphonso*'s Life, severly doom'd

Mus Are the Rooms clear? (*Aside to Hally*)

Hal. They are my Lord, not even a Mute,
Or Eunuch within hearing, I have dispos'd
'Em all at Distance waiting

Mus 'Tis well, retne (*Exit Hally.*)

Alphonso's Fate, fair Maid, lies in thy Breast.

Isa Heavens! how I tremble — in mine, my
gracious Lord?

Mus You only can piseive him

Isa If my Life

68 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

May pay the Price, most gladly I'll resign it.
If that you mean, behold I stand prepar'd,
Tell, tell me quick, and strike me dead at once.

Mus. Ol., charming Maid! 'tis thou canst save
his Life,

Not only his, but mine; thy Smiles or Frowns,
Thy lovely Eyes must fix my Fate and his.
Fairest Resemblance of the brightest Angel!
Why wilt thou dart such angry Glances,
From those soft Orbs of Light, whose streaming
Sweetness

Even now, all unrelenting, as thou seem'st,
O'ercomes my Soul, and steals thro' all my Senses.

Isa. How just and true, *Alphonso*, were thy
Fears! (aside.)

O cease, my Lord, this vain Discourse to me,
What Pride, alas! to mock a wretched Woman?

Mus. Blaspheme not thus the Heaven of thy
Perfections,

Who can, untouch'd by Love, behold thy Charms?
But mine is sure, a more than common Passion.

I burn, I burn, I languish, faint and die.

Long have I born the sweet enchanting Ferment,
Long struggled to depress the rising Flame,

Till grown too mighty for my throbbing Breast,
It blazes out, and here must find Relief (lays hold
of her.)

Isa. Forbear my Lord, I must not hear you talk

Mus. Yes, thou must hear and regard me too, (thus.

Form'd in a Mould so exquisitely fine,
Array'd in all that heavenly Pomp of Beauty,
To give and take ten thousand thousand Joys,
Not to be tasted in another's Arms.

Scorn the nice Affection of thy Sex,
Nor let their Folly be a Rule to thee,
Why would'st thou vainly strive to hide from me
The Sparks of Love now glowing in thy Breast,
And

And check the swelling Transport of Desire
Which prompts thee to be kind, and bless my
Wishes,

But in my Arms reserve shall be extinguished.

Isa. Defend me Heaven!

Muf. Come, come! no more Resistance.

I see the Woman melting in your Eyes,
Luxuriant melting in the Folds of Love,
Fainting with Pleasure, let my fluttering Soul
Catch the soft Murmurs of thy yeilding Lips
And mingle with thy Breath.

Isa. Kill, kill me first!

*Muf. I will not hear one Word which sounds
like Death,*

Yeild to my Strength.

Isa. Help Heaven! O help.

*(As he is bearing her off, Irene
is pushed out in Mens Cloaths)*

Irene, It sends thee Help in me

*Muf. A Traytor hid within my private Cham-
ber,* (stabs her.)

Dye Villain, Slave!

Irene, Perdition on thy Hand!

Isa. Thanks Heaven! O where shall I fly (exit)

Muf. Horror and Death!

What have I done! my Wife! O holy Prophet,

Still, still I sleep, and this is all a Dream.

*Irene, Thou wak'st too sure, worst Monster of
thy Kind.*

Suspecting thy Deceit, I feign'd a Journey,
But soon return'd, disguis'd, to watch thy Purpose,
This fatal Consequence I meet unshaken.

The Sultan will revenge me — some horrid Death
Will be thy Portion, Endless pains hereafter
Reward thy Perjuries — thy countless Falshoods

Muf. Confounded! lost, I know not what to say.

70 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

The Wound may not be mortal — help there,
 help, who waits?

H. u., In vain thou call'st, 'tis not in Art to
 save me.

The fatal Weapon's Point has reach'd too far,
 And Death already seizes on my Heart,

{ Just Heaven directed thy mistaking Hand,
 To break the Prop thy wild Ambition lean'd on,
 The Blow thou hast given restores me to my
 Lord,

And in thy Ruin is his Death revenged.

Mif Distraction !

Hene, Oh ! Support me *Mustapha* !

In Streams of Blood, the Blaze of Rage is quench'd,
 Dissain and Jealousy are now no more.

It in the other World we chance to meet,

I may, perhaps, forgive thee (dies.)

Mif 'Curst Accident' (Noise without
 Ha ! what Alarm ! has Fate more Ills in Store ?

Eute, Hally.

{ *Hil* Pardon, great Sir, this hasty Interruption,
 The *Fmzaries* are in Arms, the Wretch
 Whom I intrusted with the Charge o'th Prisoners,
 For Bribes, or secret Hate to you, has set 'em free,
 And at the Head of that rebellious Band,
 Come arm'd with Rage, and fully bent on Ven-
 geance.

Mif All things conspire my Ruin. *Hally* look
 to ! Oh, *Mahomet* ! the Princess, (there
 Mif Kill'd by this Hand,

But the sad Tale's too long to tell thee now.

Who are my Guards ? whatever is my Lot,
 I'll scourge the Insults of these haughty Traitors,
 And if at last I fall, I'll fall reveng'd. (Exeunt

Al-

Alphonso alone.

Alp. Silence in solemn Solitude reigns here,
While all without is Tumult and Confusion.
Where does this fair Seducer hide her Shame?
Or hopes she to conceal her self from Heaven,
And that all-seeing Power she has renounc'd.

Enter Isabella in Disorder.

Isa. Ha! is it possible? Oh Fate! 'tis he!
Fly, fly *Alphonso*, this accursed Place!
Oh hide me! save me! save thy *Isabella*!
Gods, 'tis his Ghost! the Ghost of my *Alphonso*!
What e'er thou art, O speak, speak! I conjure thee.
Alp. Fury and Hell! thou rav'st, thy glowing
(Cheeks,
Those flaming, sparkling, Eyes denote thy Frenzy,
Thy tainted Breath pollutes the purer Air.
The very Plague it self is less infectious!

Isa. Alas! for Pity's Sake, *Alphonso* hear me.

Alp. Did not I charge thee to avoid the *Visier*,
And comest thou not this Moment from the Ty-
(rant

With all the flagrant Marks of Guilt upon thee.

Isa. Hear me, but speak —

Alp. Away, and touch me not.

How cou'dst thou — dar'st thou enter this A-
(partment

Isa. I was betray'd — Hally! that hellish Mon-
(ster

I hav'd, I tore, did all that Woman cou'd,
Implored both Heaven and Earth to help and save
(me.

Alp. Thy Disobedience and Self-conceit,
That

72 *The FAIR CAPTIVE.*

That very Crime that damn'd thy Grandame *Eve*,
Has ruin'd thee, I knew thee better than
Thou knew'st thy self! I knew thee very Woman.
Thy Sex's Chastity, that boasted Virtue
Is most in Danger when 'tis most secure.
The tottering Fort without Foundation stands
Fenceless and open, by the Invader oft
O'erthrown and plunder'd at the first Assault.

Isa. These cruel Words, these angry keen Re-
(proaches

With horrid Anguish pierce my bleeding Heart,
And wound it deeper than thy Sword could do.

Alp. Had I not given thee Caution, timely
(Warning,

Heaven knows I shou'd incline to pity thee,
But now —

Isa. O righteous Heaven! if I have done amiss,
If I this Day in Word or Thought have swerv'd
From the chast Rules of Virgin Modesty,
Pour out thy wrathful Indignation on me,
Let me be blasted with avengeful Flames
Blackned all o'er from Head to Foot, and stand
A Monument of Guilt to future Ages

Alp. I'll hear no more.

Isa. My Soul escap'd the Snare,
Even on the Brink of Ruin was I sav'd.

Alp. 'Tis false, it cannot be, there's nought
(cou'd save thee.

Isa. Some generous Man rush'd in and rescu'd me.

Alp. Say, who?

Isa. Indeed I knew him not.

Alp. I believe thee

Equivocating Fair, who taught thee this
Internal Sophistry? thou'rt much improv'd,
Grown wondrous learned since I saw thee last.
— Immortal Powers! how unconcern'd you are!

The FAIR CAPTIVE. 73

No Thunder, Earthquake, nor a Hurricane,
Proclaim'd this cursed Deed ? bright and serene,
The conscious Moon moves in her glittering
(Race.

I should have thought, all Nature must have chang'd,
The fire had chang'd to Ice, the Sea to Flames,
In Tears of Blood, the weeping Heavens lamented.
Old Chaos had resum'd his shapeless Throne,
And all Mankind again being damn'd for one.

Isa. Nay then 'tis time to dye ! (draws a Dagger:

Alp. What meanst thou ? (snatching it from her.
Wouldst thou add Murder to thy Perjuries ?

Isa. Unjust and cruel ! barbarous *Alphonso* !
Woulst thou deny me Death, the last Relief
For Woes like mine ?

Alp. Oh ! could I think thee innocent ?

Isa. By all my Hopes of Happiness hereafter,
And your Forgiveness here, I swear I am.

Alp. Oh ! I am rack'd, riven with fierce con-
(vulsions !

Why have I bore all the Fatigues of War,
Fac'd Death so often in the glorious Field,
In desperate Sieges, Battles, and Encounters,
And scap'd all Dangers there, to know this Hour ?

Isa. Oh, calm this horrid Tempest in thy Soul :
(an Alarm,

But ha ! what means this Noise ? Oh, let us fly.
The Tyrant will return and find us here,
Then thou art slain, and I indeed ravish'd (sound a
Alp. A Retreat ! one Party is successful. Retreat.
Achmat triumphant ! Heaven than at last is just
And Villany defeated.

Enter Achmat, Ozmin, Visier wounded.

Ach. Brave Christian I rejoice to see thee Safe,
Behold thy cruel Foe expires before thee.
Soon a cold Lump of lifeless Clay will be

74 The FAIR CAPTIVE.

All the Remains of this once mighty Man !

Muf Insult me not my latest Pangs are on me,
A Moment hence, and I despise your Malice.
But I regret my Disappointment there, (Maid,
More than these wounds : Had I posses'd that
I had ransackt all the Joys that Life could give,
And would have smil'd at Death. O *Isabella*

Pity me, and from that rigid Vertue which thou
Recede a little and Vouchsafe thy Hand (bear'st
Not that— nay then, I'm lost indeed farewell. (dies.

Alp. How vain is Pomp! and how uncertain Fate,
Unhappy Man ! a mean untimely Death (gers !
Has closed thy Scene of Life But say, ye just Aven-
What Doom must *Haly* bear, that faithless Slave?

Ozm He is impal'd before the Palace Gates
His Bones all crush'd, and starting thro' his Skin
The Traytor now twines on the bloody Stake :
But Christian, 'tis convenient for thy Safety,
That thou depart before the *Sultan* comes.

The Guards shall be your Convoy to your Vessel.

Alp. Thanks noble *Ozm* ! Now my *Isabella*,
Thy Vertue clear'd, shines with a double Radiance
Love and Ambition, aie Passions suited
To the Brave alone, and find no Entrance
In a narrow Mind, yet when let loose to Rage
And unrestrain'd by Honour's nicei Bounds
Degenerate into Crimes, and k 'l our Fame.

So while a River in due Limits flows,

Innumerable Blessings it bestows.

The cooling Stream yields Comfort and Delight,
Quenches the Thurst, and gratifies the Sigt
But fuel'd with rushing Floods and Storms of Rain,
Scorns to weak Banks, and foams along the Plain,
And where the rapid Torrent form its Course,
O'erwhelms th' Country with resistless Force.

F I N I S.

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